

THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4016

JUNE 25, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUGENICS AND THE WAR

A SCHOOLMASTER writing to the *Spectator* apropos of a recent lecture by Dean Inge of St. Paul's, in which that eminent expounder of public questions from the pulpit painted a depressing picture of the future of the English race, on account of the draft upon its 'best stock' made by the war, takes a more cheerful view of the situation. He says that he is the master of a public school where the attendance has largely increased since the war, and that the new boys have mostly come from classes of lower social position than the previous patrons.

'These boys betray their origin in their accent and in their pronunciation; in fact they are a different type of boy from those we had in pre-war days. They have been sent by parents who might have educated them much more cheaply, but who evidently valued the Public School tone and spirit, and considered that it was worth the difference. And the boys themselves, though undeniably rough, are virile, energetic, and intelligent. I am sure my experience would be that of many another Public-School master. My conclusion is that the upper middle-classes are being strongly reinforced. These are the boys from whom the professional class in

the next generation will be made, and it will not suffer in their hands. This is only the experience of the war when officers, worthy of the best traditions of the Army, were found in all grades of society.'

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COLONEL HARVEY AND BRITISH OPINION

COLONEL HARVEY's appointment as ambassador to Great Britain occasioned a rather unconventional press controversy in that country even before his arrival. The *New Statesman*, which opposes most of the things which Colonel Harvey endorses, contained a rather scathing attack upon him personally, to which Sidney Brooks replied in the following issue with a letter tartly critical of that journal's attitude. The *Spectator*, which is one of the most vigorous defenders of Anglo-American amity on the other side of the water, welcomed the new appointment with something approaching enthusiasm and laudation. It described Colonel Harvey as a man who, by 'his virile writings,' had 'always hit it straight from the shoulder,' and commented that 'a man of such spirited characteristics is sure to be welcomed in England.' It characterized his first speech on English

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soil, upon his arrival at Southampton, as 'the right thing at the right time.' The *Nation*, which usually has an opinion in such matters, has so far reserved its comments upon this appointment. The *Outlook* observes that the Colonel is 'the first American legate from Washington in many years whose recommendations to his President are likely to be considered with attention and adopted.' It comments that Mr. Roosevelt was deaf to the suggestions of Whitelaw Reid, and that President Wilson is believed not to have read most of the views put forward by Mr. Page and Mr. Davis.

Only the references of the English dailies to the Pilgrim dinner-speech have reached us at present writing. The *Observer* characterizes it as 'at once the least conventional and the most momentous that an American ambassador in this country has ever made. . . . It crackled with incisive and caustic phrases.' This newspaper, which is a strong League advocate, lays main stress upon those passages which express the desire of President Harding that America shall coöperate with Great Britain 'to remedy the muddle of the world.' It urges that America is within her right in rejecting the League, and repeats that this organization can not have 'full life and reality' until Russia and Germany are members. It expresses confidence that Great Britain and the United States will be the chief instruments, 'in shaping a bigger, though less elaborate thing into which the present League will be merged.' The *Sunday Times* remarks that Mr. Harvey is 'in the true apostolic succession of a long, glorious line,' and, like its contemporary, emphasizes those passages of the speech which deal with the friendship and coöperation of Great Britain and the United States. It says, furthermore, that England is also 'striving for free-

dom from European entanglements, not solely from selfish motives, but because it recognizes how much greater will be its power for good if it isolates itself from the old hates into which history has riven Europe.' The Tory *Morning Post* also comments that Mr. Harvey 'proved his title to the succession of American ambassadors to this country' and remarks upon his 'common sense, candor, and admirable discretion.' After reviewing the other points of the speech, it comments with satisfaction upon the statement that the United States entered the war solely to save the United States of America, and after reviewing the same points which engaged the main attention of its contemporaries observes that a League of Nations without America is not a League of Nations, that if adhesion to the League is inconsistent with American national policy, 'it is equally inconsistent with the British national tradition,' and it recommends that the government announce its own intention of withdrawing. The *Daily Telegraph* says the speech was characterized by a 'vigorous, direct, and hard-hitting phraseology, and a frank avoidance of the mere conventionalities of international friendship.' It also comments favorably on the remark that Americans went to war for strictly American objects. It agrees with Mr. Harvey that 'it is high time this idea (that America may join the League), in so far as it still survives, should get its quietus.' The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* is so far silent on Colonel Harvey and his addresses.

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A RUSSO-GERMAN COMPACT

THE recent agreement signed by Germany and Russia consists of two parts: a main agreement of seventeen clauses covering, among other things,

the resumption of trade and postal and telegraph service between the two countries, and a supplementary agreement of twelve articles relating exclusively to the exchange of war prisoners and interned civilians. The agreement is not a commercial treaty. But such a formal compact between the two powers is mentioned as contemplated. By the present agreement, the Russian Commercial Delegation in Germany is recognized by the German government as the sole legal business representative of Russia in Germany. German subjects in the possession of proper passports are guaranteed personal safety and the safety of all the property they take with them to Russia, as well as title and possession to the property they may acquire in that country through direct dealings with the Soviet authorities.

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OUR DECLINING AUSTRALIAN TRADE

THE Australian Commonwealth has recently published a table showing the percentages of competitive imports from Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, for the past two years. During the twelve months ending with June, 1920, the British percentage rose from 46.6 to 54.29; the American percentage fell from 29.3 to 24.9, and the Japanese declined from 11 to 5.39. More recent figures—for the six months ending with December 31, 1920—show that the proportion of British competitive imports has further increased to 67 per cent. American imports have fallen to 11 per cent, while the Japanese have remained stationary at 5.4 per cent. These figures should not be confused with the total imports from the three countries mentioned. Including petroleum products and other non-competitive commodities, the total from the United States is much larger than here indicated.

A CROWN PRINCE ITINERANT

NATURALLY, the breaking of a precedent of 2500 years is a matter of some importance in a country like Japan. This alone would be sufficient to explain the agitation which the visit of the Crown Prince to Europe occasioned in that country. But behind the popular protests and demonstrations which the announcement of this trip evoked are said to lie the old feud between the Choshu and Satsuma clans, and—obscurely—the betrothal of the Prince to the Princess Nagako Kuni, whose marriage to the future ruler may assure the final ascendancy of the Satsuma leaders. The situation is further complicated by the unsatisfactory state of the Mikado's health, which may make a regency necessary. Should the appointment of a regent become imperative during the absence of the Crown Prince, trouble might arise because the Choshus, in view of his betrothal, would have every motive to secure the selection of some other member of the imperial family for that office. At least, this is the interpretation which the correspondent of the London *Observer* places upon the obscure and censored information current in Tokyo. The correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* in the same city, after commenting upon the fact that the trip is expected to cost the empire some \$5,000,000, ascribes the popular opposition to the European journey of the Crown Prince to the original plan of having him return *via* the United States. That is, opposition to the journey due to patriotic and religious disapproval of the violation of an ancient custom, was reinforced by the strictly political opposition of a more modern and radical element. Crowds of students, reservists, and political agitators visited the great temples, and sent delegates to the holy places

of the empire, to pray that the journey might be averted; and street demonstrations were organized to protest against it.

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ITALIAN ELECTIONS

WE print this week an article by Guglielmo Ferrero written just before the recent elections in Italy, which loses none of its historical interest and little of its significance as a brilliant bit of political analysis and prophecy, by their outcome. Contrary to expectation, these elections did not weaken seriously the Socialists. Some observers attribute the surprising strength of the Socialists, in view of the current reaction against the doctrines of their Communist wing and the violent methods used by the Fascisti to interfere with their campaign, to the fact that they have drawn heavily from the Moderates and from the sober rank and file which condemns the extreme nationalism, militarism, and rather obstreperous foreign programme of the Fascisti. The correspondent of the conservative *Morning Post*, a journal which has looked forward with much hope to a complete Socialist rout, reports that this party had lost but twenty-one of its one hundred and fifty-six delegates, and that the Catholics have actually increased their seats by five representatives from the newly annexed territories of Trent. He interprets the result as 'a not very decisive Liberal victory.' Giolitti, who is seventy-eight years old and has been much affected by the recent loss of his wife, has attained the main object for which he took office last June, which was to rehabilitate himself with history. It is doubtful whether he will care to retain office much longer. The Catholics—*Partito Popolare*—according to this correspondent, owe their political strength to their excellent organiza-

tion. The Fascisti were injured by the fact that they took to breaking up Catholic meetings and organizing 'punitive expeditions' into Liberal constituencies, thereby alarming the Moderates. The general outcome of the election has been a defeat of extremists of both wings.

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THE AALAND ISLANDS DECISION

THE League of Nations Commission, to which was referred the Aaland Islands question, in recommending that they remain under the jurisdiction of Finland bases its decision upon the fact that although ninety-six per cent of the 22,000 inhabitants speak Swedish, they have formed part of Finland for more than a century, and that to separate them from that country would prejudice the interests of the Swedish population of Finland, of which the Aaland islanders form but a small fraction. However, the Commission advises that instruction in the public schools be compulsory in Swedish; that the islanders shall have an option upon all lands sold within their territories; that the right of strangers to vote shall be limited; that the governor shall be selected from among candidates nominated by the islanders, and that the islands be neutralized so far as fortifications and garrisons are concerned.

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REVIVAL IN SOUTH RUSSIA

A GENERAL letting-up of tension in Russia since Wrangel's defeat and the recent change in soviet economic policies have resulted in the return of many of the refugees who have been living in extreme privation at Constantinople. On February 16 the Turkish steamer *Reshid Pasha* disembarked three thousand returning Russians at Novorossik. Trade in Constantinople

is said to be looking up on account of the resumption of commerce with Odessa and other South Russian ports. According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Russian imports between May 15 and December 31, 1920, amounted to some three hundred million marks, of which one hundred and twenty million marks were represented by agricultural machinery, and one hundred and seventeen million marks by clothing. The Russian mission in Rome is said to have invited Italian coöperation in restoring the coal mines in South Russia, and asserts that the government will grant liberal concessions to companies ready to reëquip mines and supply skilled mining engineers to work them. The Baku *Kommunist* reports that the monthly output of petroleum in that district during January and February was about nine million poods.

An immediate effect of the conclusion of a trade agreement between Great Britain and Russia has been a rise in the shares of British mining and oil companies formerly operating in the latter country, and a revival of speculative activity in their paper. British companies have very comprehensive rights and interests in both European and Asiatic Russia, including landed estates, forests, railways, mines, and factories.



AMERICAN PROPERTY IN GERMANY

Vossische Zeitung prefates a summary of the report of the German trustee for alien property upon American property in Germany with a reference to the 1919 report of Mitchell Palmer, custodian of alien property in the United States, in which the latter 'attempts to justify the ruthless measures of his government against German property by the alleged ruthless measures of the German government against American property.' This journal

asserts that the German report completely disproves Mitchell Palmer's assertion. The German government has consistently observed the principle that private property should be inviolate even in war. Where severer measures were adopted toward American property in Germany, it was as a reprisal for measures previously taken against German property in the United States. This is proved by comparing the dates of the various orders issued in the two countries. Furthermore, contrary to the American practice, the German government never made forced sales of shares, obligations, and other securities in Germany, nor of American licenses and patents, although Mr. Palmer forced the compulsory liquidation of many German enterprises in the United States. Furniture, household goods, and other personal property in Germany belonging to Americans were never touched. Furthermore, according to this journal, Germany released all American property in its hands on the tenth of January, 1920, immediately after it ratified the Versailles Treaty, and a large part of this property has already been restored to the owners. The only exceptions are where on account of our failure to ratify the Treaty, a definite accounting of balances in open accounts between citizens of the two countries can not be made.



MINOR NOTES

L'Europe Nouvelle, commenting upon the fact that André Tardieu's book upon the Treaty has not aroused the passionate controversies which the author anticipated and which — this journal asserts — he ardently desired, calls attention to the following quatrain which recently passed around a very clerical *salon*, but one where Christian charity is not the most observed of virtues:

Monsieur Tardieu, l'auteur de ce gros livre,
 S'est efforcé de nous endoctriner.
 La paix! La paix! Ce vocable l'enivre:
 Ne pourrait-il, enfin, nous la donner?

THE Hungarian government seems to be in the position of having both ends in Parliament play against the middle. Recently Deputy Beniczky, a Royalist, attacked the Regent in the National Assembly for having ordered his arrest and that of another deputy while on their way to visit King Karl during his stay at Steinamanger on Easter Sunday. He declared that the country was ruled by a military camarilla, which is precisely the charge the Radicals and Communists have been making. This last controversy centres around a question of parliamentary privilege.

A STRAW upon the current of South American politics, which may mean much or nothing at all, is the featuring of the history of President Johnson's impeachment in the editorial columns of *La Prensa*. This leading newspaper of Buenos Aires is anti-Administration and comments that 'the precedent is of practical importance in our country, for its bearing upon such debates as the one concluded yesterday (April 28) in the Chamber of Deputies.'

A Tokyo dispatch in the London *Morning Post* reports the arrest of the leaders of the *Omoto Kyo* sect in Japan, of which we made brief mention in our issue of March 12. At their headquarters, secret rooms and passages were discovered in which were found gold, diamonds, costly ceremonial swords and other weapons to the value of a million dollars. The evidence collected during the raid suggests a wide-spread plot of an alleged anti-dynastic nature.

AUSTRIA's coal supply is improving. Domestic production is now 230,000 tons per month as compared with 200,000 tons a year ago. The Czech mines are also supplying Austria more liberally, since demands in other directions are now satisfied and prices are falling.

BELGIUM and Luxemburg have just signed a preliminary agreement providing for a *Zollverein* or Customs Union between the two countries. Furthermore, Belgium is to loan the Grand Duchy 175,000,000 francs at two per cent interest, partly to facilitate the retirement of the bank notes of the Grand Duchy, which are to be replaced by Belgian notes. The railways of the two countries are to be placed under a single administration. Belgian consuls will hereafter represent the interests of Luxemburg citizens abroad. Diplomas and academic licenses of either country will be valid in the other.

Il Messagero, which represents Italian industrial interests, publishes an article upon the American immigration law under the title 'A Danger for Italy,' in which it lays stress upon the fact that the American legislation will injure not only the Italian merchant-marine but also the general prosperity of the country. It recommends a decided increase in steamship fares, in order to reimburse the companies for what they will lose in the number of passengers, and suggests that the third-class rate to the United States be made three thousand lire, with corresponding increases for the first and second class, and that the right to carry Italian emigrants shall be reserved exclusively for the vessels flying the Italian flag.

NAPOLEON INTERPRETED

BY GEORG BRANDES

From *Tilskueren (The Spectator)*
(COPENHAGEN LITERARY MONTHLY)

IN the first scene of *Faust* Goethe coined the word 'superman,' tauntingly applied to Faust by the spirit of earth. In the heyday of his power Napoleon was such a being in the eyes of Europe. During the wars waged against him he was looked upon and pictured as a monster. The caricatures of the time, the English in particular, made him out the devil himself, or else showed the Evil One pointing his finger at him and exclaiming: 'This is my chosen son in whom I am well pleased.'

Although, since that time the human being in him has been better understood, immediately after his fall he was denied every good quality. He was the tyrant, the terrible butcher, the destroyer of human life on a grand scale. And this is indisputable: one million, seven hundred thousand Frenchmen, and two million others fell during the wars of the Empire (1804-1814).

Then they said that Napoleon was a liar; that he lied in his bulletins, that he took to himself the honors for the victories of his generals, for Augereau's achievements at Arcola, and for what Desaix accomplished at Marengo; although in this very bulletin he speaks of Desaix almost as did Achilles about Patroclus. Again, it is said that the legislative labors of his jurists were not credited to them but to himself, and that the Code Napoleon was not his work but that of Portalis. As if it was not he who worked his jurists to the point of exhaustion! On St. Helena, said report, he reconstructed his life-

story into one great untruth. His entire character was the essence of humbug. In Alfred de Vigny's famous story of Stello, the captured pope calls Napoleon alternately *Commédiant*e and *Tragédiant*e. His accentuations and attitudes he was supposed to have obtained through studying with Talma, the actor, when it is very certain that Talma imitated him!

Not even his military talent did they concede him. In Chateaubriand's pamphlet, *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, Napoleon is pictured as an incapable general who succeeded only in making his troops advance, and who did win victories, but entirely because of the excellence of these troops, independent of his leadership. 'What did this stranger possess with which to bewitch Frenchmen?' says Chateaubriand inquiringly. "'His war glory'?" But even of this he now stands stripped. Undoubtedly he did win a great many victories. But apart from that the least important general is more capable than he. It has been imagined that he developed and perfected the art of war. The fact is that he led it back to its early childhood.'

In his collection of notable stupidities Flaubert makes mention of this passage.

Then they made much of what they termed his personal cowardice. Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* describes his fears while on the journey through France after the abdication at Fontainebleau. He borrowed the uniform of the Austrian colonel, the cap of

the Prussian and cape of the Russian. He trembled and changed color at the least noise. But remember, the mob wanted to tear him to pieces. Little wonder that he who had stood immovable during every rain of bullets, feared a death like that!

Again and again it was said in France that as a matter of fact Napoleon was not French, but Italian, a foreigner. His name was Buonaparte. He lied, they said, when he insisted that he was born after the conquest of Corsica, in 1769. He was a year older, consequently born before Corsica's incorporation as French territory, and he had changed the record about his baptism in the registry book in Ajaccio. This is untrue, although prominent men in France still hold this view. I myself have examined the document in question and convinced myself that forgery here is out of the question. As for the difference in the spelling of the name, it mattered very little in that day; the name occurs twice in the record and is spelled once with the *u* and once without it.

In Germany it stood as an article of faith that Napoleon was the master liar. It is certainly true that as a politician, like most politicians of his time, he made use of untruths without the least scruple where such a course served him. But as a Corsican he had grown up in the belief that cunning was as legitimate as fighting in the open.

It was Goethe who affirmed during a conversation at dinner in Weimar, early in October, 1808, that Napoleon always pursued a given object and thereby displayed greatness and sagacity. Other princes permitted themselves sympathies and antipathies. What stood in his way he struck down. Goethe found it quite proper that a pretender like Enghien, a political ranter like Pram, were shot so that once for all the public should have before it

striking examples of what would happen where the undertakings of a genius were tampered with. And Goethe, according to Falck, closed as follows: 'He battled against conditions as they existed, in a corrupt century and in the midst of a corrupt people. It is fortunate for Europe and for him that, in spite of his immense world-plans, he did not himself become corrupt.'

Only so long as he was at liberty did the princes and peoples in 1815 consider Napoleon a decisive danger to the peace of Europe. For this reason his imprisonment was considered justified, although it was an unheard occurrence at the time that a ruler who had given himself up, of his own volition, after a lost battle and abdication, should be treated as a criminal and not only confined until the conclusion of peace but kept a prisoner for life. We may find parallels in the fate of Mary Stuart, when she relied on the magnanimity of the English government, or in her husband's fate, when Bothwell placed his faith in the high-mindedness and neutrality of the Danish government. We are warned against building on sand, but that can be done easily enough. This is casting aspersions on the sand. One should never build one's hope upon magnanimity.

The July Revolution brought about a change of sentiment, both in France and elsewhere. Henri Beyle, Victor Hugo, Armand Carrel, Thiers in his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, are examples of this; and especially marked is Béranger with his ditties, among which *Les Souvenirs du Peuple* is the great pearl. Here the story of the Emperor is placed in the mouth of an old peasant woman and he stands full-fledged as the legendary hero with the little three-cornered hat and the long gray coat: 'He has talked to you, grandmother, he has talked to you!'

In Germany Heinrich Heine's poetry

and prose and later the work of Laube and others correspond with this. Much later Napoleon gained admirers in the English-speaking world, where he has so many to-day. During the reign of Louis-Philippe the change in sentiment was so clear that the Government was obliged to send the royal heir to St. Helena for the purpose of bringing back the body of Napoleon and having it deposited under the dome of the Invalides.

Outside France the apotheosis of his memory went farthest among the Polish poets. Around the year 1830 Napoleon was to them the supernatural being whom no manner of searching could explain. He alone had been able to elicit the lost art of admiration that, according to their understanding, the eighteenth century had missed. No human commander could bring him to defeat, no other general than His Excellency General Frost and His Excellency General Hunger in Russia. To Mickiewicz and Krasinski, Napoleon appears as a demigod, a Messiah. His mission was to save the nations. To them St. Helena is as another Golgotha. The Passion sends a ray, as it were, over the imprisonment and death of Napoleon.

It is not possible to comprehend Napoleon's personality without due regard for the circumstances that permitted the development of his personality. The leading elements in this development were three: Corsica, the French Revolution, and the French army.

Forces long hidden in the island of his birth burst their bonds through Napoleon in whom his race reached its zenith. On the wild and lonely Corsica the untamable energy of antiquity and the Middle Ages still existed while it had passed away elsewhere throughout Italy. Among his countrymen this energy took the form of blood-vengeance and banditry while with him it became ambition, craving for power.

When the French Revolution, toward

the close of the eighteenth century, swept away obstacles that had belonged to the old order of society, this yearning after power struck a soil where it could plant its roots deep and from which it could reach heavenward. At first a noble enthusiasm introduced a new state of justice; later the wildest kind of disregard for the law took its place. Life and property were no longer secure; justice was the plaything of political amateurs; and, as a matter of fact, the earliest political act of Bonaparte was the suppression of the uprising in 1795.

Under the Directory, France no longer was revolutionary but had become revolutionized. The most dreadful disorder reigned; France yearned for a man of power, an organizer. It was in Napoleon's favor that he was a military genius. While civilian matters went to pieces and former respect for the law had disappeared, the army still held together; discipline, confidence, mutual respect were kept intact. The Revolution had filled the army with its enthusiasm and its sufferings, but it did not dare to destroy the army because to win was of foremost consideration. The military spirit became the chief expression of the revolutionary attitude. The watchword of the Revolution had been 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' But everywhere, except in the army, this spirit of brotherhood had become *nil*.

Although they had just conducted a ten-year revolution in order to rid themselves of a master's yoke, the French nevertheless accepted Bonaparte as their ruler, and this was due to the fact that of the two requisites, liberty and equality, under the banner of which the Revolution had been carried on, equality was much more precious to them than liberty. We may blame Bonaparte for not creating liberty, but not for abolishing it; for he found it no-

where. The Jacobins had worshiped the word but destroyed it as a living fact. Bonaparte maintained as a strict principle that it was the equal right of all to lift themselves to the highest pinnacle so long as they were useful and courageous. He did more than uphold this principle of equality; he glorified it, endeared it to every Frenchman. When he took recourse to universal suffrage at the polls he confirmed the revolutionary principle — the sovereignty of the people. Privileges of birth and wealth had gone their way before him but he it was who made *nil* the privileges of the Jacobins.

Napoleon held his protecting hand over the exiled, the expelled, the immigrants and their relatives, the nobility, those of the clergy who returned; and he chose from them those who, equally with the Republicans, could fill positions for which they were suited. By doing this he pacified the conservatives; but in taking over church properties and the estates of the nobility he saw to it that redistribution was for the best interests of both peasants and citizenry. It was for those who had established the Republic and had survived the terrors of the transition to enjoy the fruits of their acts and their labors. Napoleon gave them this assurance, and with this he appealed to the revolutionary elements.

To the emperors, kings, and princes of Europe, the Revolution naturally enough was a horror. Restoration of the old conditions in France and efforts to stem the rising tide throughout Europe were their sole preoccupation. Napoleon alone defended the new order, the abolition of caste and special privileges, the church's dependence on the state, the entire new economic system; and this against the whole of hostile Europe, which formed one coalition after another to defeat his purpose.

More than this. Wherever his mili-

tary campaigns led him, he wrought great changes. He did away with the Inquisition in Spain, in Germany he gave to the Jews their human rights. The Code Napoleon, with its reformist fundamentals, he brought into the Rhine provinces as well as into what was Russian Poland, where it is still in force to-day. This individual, who vanquished the Revolution within France, carried the message and the principles of the Revolution wherever he went outside it.

As he approached the zenith of his power, France expected two things from Napoleon: liberty at home and peace with the world. He gave her neither one. Political liberty he was fearful of, although he maintained it outwardly. He never actually condemned it and the *Acte Additionel* of 1815 was its confirmation. Peace with other countries he was unable to give France because again and again England set Europe against him and he had his own bellicose temperament to contend with. But he rendered this great service: he became the peace-maker of France within France. He fused a divided nation into a concrete whole: he recreated the national cohesion. Responsibility for law and order had been lost; he gave it back to the French people.

He was unable to provide liberty at the same time that he established peace within the country, for to accomplish this he needed undisputed authority. While he made his army go into mourning when Washington died, he never himself became a Washington. Nor was he a Caesar though frequently referred to as such. He had nothing of Caesar's distinguished abandon, none of his charm and elegance. He remained Napoleon, unique, a solitary example of the art that was his own.

By what means did Napoleon crush all opposition within France? By his intuitive knowledge of what is needed at a given moment. His was the vision of

the artillerist who realizes the necessity of being strongest when indecision may prove fatal. As a general he displays his real genius. As a lawmaker, administrator, as a judge of men it is this preëminent power of looking into the heart of things that places Napoleon apart from his fellows. His presence of mind, his great calm in the midst of the most distressing conditions were exhibited at Moscow where, on October 15, 1812, he issued a decree regulating the *Théâtre Français*. Threatened by the cold and the Russians, soon to be enveloped by the flames of the burning city, yet he maintained his serenity of mind, his sense for that which is picturesque.

But Napoleon's character was not on a par with his genius. That egoism, that yearning after power, which his genius carried in its wake, frequently made him act unjustly toward others. The less pleasant side to his character shows itself when his steady decline sets in. It is then that he reveals himself as despotic, ready to oppress, hostile to liberty. But the Conqueror becomes an appealing figure again when he is on the defensive, when he is the martyr. During this period he more than ever appears as the chosen of the people. The fascination attending the name of Napoleon is shown at its best during his journey through France after his return from Elba.

There is much evidence to show that those who wrote about Napoleon's character fifty years ago were moved main-

ly by hatred for the third Napoleon. He has always been the object of the super-Republicans' aversion. Clemen-ceau never liked him. The more moderate Republicans felt that they had found the truth about Napoleon in the following somewhat superficial estimate: His appearance on the stage of world affairs was fortunate for Europe, to which he brought the message of revolution and which he delivered from its mediæval trammels; but at the same time he was a calamity for France, which he drained of its manhood and robbed of its local and provincial liberties. A number of the younger spirits, however, especially the Nationalists who gradually obtained the upper hand, were convinced, with Maurice Barrès as their leader, that Napoleon had been of great value to France because to them he stood as the most astonishing example of energetic self-expression that the world has ever known.

Napoleon never corrupted France, never caused her humiliation such as came to her in later years — the Panama affair, the Dreyfus affair. He gave her enthusiasm, a heroic courage unknown previous to the revolutionary period. It is true that he also gave France a new hero worship that brought with it sanguinary punishment; but the French nation does not look back upon his reign with shame. Nothing low or contemptible clings to its memory. In spite of all, the Napoleonic Era stands forth as a glorious performance.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF NAPOLEON

BY BARON DE TRÉMONT

[The following reminiscences of Napoleon were written by the Baron de Trémont, whose interesting account of a visit to Beethoven was published in our issue of February 19.]

From *Revue Bleue*, May 7

(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL FORTNIGHTLY)

ANY incident, no matter how trivial it may be, is worth observing if it adds to our knowledge of a great man. Henry IV used to play horse on all-fours with his children on his back. The conqueror of Italy, when he lived in his little house in *rue de la Victoire*, allowed his wife to let her dogs sleep on their bed, and used personally to take them for an airing in the morning.

He was tolerant of contradiction from people in whom he had confidence. He even invited it. You could get the better of him in argument without arousing his resentment or ill-humor. One day he said to Monge: 'Your boys at the Polytechnic School find it hard to understand the Empire?'

'Sire, they understood the Republic; then suddenly we had the Consulate, which was still something like a republic; now here we have the Empire. Give them time. You must admit that you do things rather abruptly.'

Napoleon smiled and turned the conversation.

In the Council of State and in private life he was far from talkative. He was the one who listened best, and he never tried to dominate the discussion. However, he would summarize it with marvelous lucidity in making his decisions.

His patience with his friends verged upon weakness. Men whom he liked could be almost ill-mannered toward him. Although he was a profound and

untiring student of human nature, he was the frequent victim of ingratitude and betrayal, which his noble heart did not foresee. Witness Fouché, Talleyrand, and others.

When his reverses came, he should have retired his old lieutenants and put in their places young officers trained under his own eyes and not sated with honors and high fortune. But he trusted to their gratitude and devotion, and he would not believe that men who had risen shoulder to shoulder with himself would shirk in time of danger.

I was named auditor of the Council of State in 1808. At that time the number of these officials was small. They were selected directly by the Emperor, they all worked at the Council offices, and attended its sessions, at which he presided. . . . Since I had previously been in military service, I was detailed to the War Section. The Emperor often presided over the Council when in Paris. Unless one knows the details of these memorable sessions, he can not appreciate fully Napoleon's genius. In reading the reports of these meetings you lose the vivid interest which his presence and his words produced. The War Section was separated from him only by a little table, occupied by the vice-grand elector, Talleyrand. So during the sessions, which lasted sometimes six hours, the Emperor was constantly under my observation. His

eyes, which were always roving about, would now and then dwell for a moment involuntarily on those near him, so that my face gradually became familiar. His noble countenance, so beautiful and so calm, inspired confidence instead of dread. This was a great help for me; for I was very young, my services had been of no special importance, and my only title to consideration was that all the members of my family had served the state, and my father, a general officer, had died of his wounds. I had no great patrons, no powerful influence behind me, and was with good reason grateful for my appointment, and anxious to justify it by my industry.

General Lacuée, president of the Polytechnic School and a cabinet officer, presided over the War Section. He was a stern man, a tremendous worker, and loved men who worked hard. He kept me more than busy.

The Emperor left for the campaign of 1809. A little later General Lacuée told me at a Council meeting to report at his house early the following morning. I was there promptly as ordered.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'just as he was leaving, the Emperor commissioned Count Joubert, Béranger and myself, to perform an important and confidential task, quite outside our functions as Councilors of State. This is a special mark of his confidence. It is a work that really requires organizing a special bureau, but we cannot do it because it is to be secret. Since we are so occupied that we cannot attend to the matter personally, we feel that we must turn it over to some industrious young man upon whose discretion we can depend and who is not afraid of hard work and difficulties. I proposed you to my colleagues, and they assented. Take these documents in a cab and get to work at once, for the Emperor is in a hurry. But bear in mind that the thing must be done well and thoroughly. When

you are ready I will call together my colleagues and you will be at the meeting.'

I was delighted, but greatly surprised when I found I had thirty-six hundred documents. They related to the receipts and expenditures of the kingdom and the army of Portugal during the three years when General Junot was governor-general and commander-in-chief there. The Emperor, who loved order and hated anything shiftless, was surprised because the Minister of War had not submitted these accounts to him, and ordered the Minister to put them into shape. There had been serious irregularities. The men guilty were close to the General and had been appointed by him. He had never kept a proper account of his own expenditures. This did not imply that he was in connivance with the others, but it was impossible to prevent his name from being tarnished by these irregularities. The Minister was perfectly aware that Napoleon's friendship for Junot went almost to the point of weakness; for he felt a deep personal affection for him. Junot had been his aide-de-camp at the siege of Toulon; he had not deserted him during his rebuffs in Paris, when he was a poor and solitary man. In those days the aide-de-camp, who was the son of a prosperous farmer of the Côte-d'Or, had shared his purse with his General. Gratitude is a rare sentiment, but one to which Napoleon was always accessible.

So the Minister of War had made his report to suit the circumstances. Every one knows how figures can be juggled with to conceal facts. The Emperor could not discover just what they meant. Whether he suspected the motive or not, he at once summoned the Minister of Finance. The same obscurity prevailed there. Then he sent the documents to the Minister of the Treasury, who could not make any-

thing out of them. Was n't it a curious thing that three Ministers should have acted in precisely the same manner? At last the Emperor, determined to know what was up, appointed the confidential commission I have described.

I made a selection of the documents, examining carefully more than a thousand of them. The reports of the ministers were of no assistance to me, unless I proposed to follow the same policy which they had pursued. But my natural disposition, and still more the dictates of necessity, decided me to tell the truth precisely as it was. How otherwise could I justify the confidence placed in me? I said to myself, if the commission does not approve my report it can change it. I presented it after ten days and ten nights of continuous labor, a thing I was able to do on account of my youth and with the aid of great quantities of black coffee. The General looked surprised. 'It's all right,' he said to me, 'but I know that you are not a fool. I am going to summon my colleagues and we'll see.'

Several days passed and I was not called before them. That looked like an evil omen. Finally the General spoke to me at the Council:

'We have examined your report and have sent it to the Emperor stating that you are the author.'

I at once saw how matters stood. These gentlemen, unable to evade the issue like the three ministers, had found it convenient to make me the scapegoat. So there I was, at the outset of my career, exposed to the anger of an Emperor for a service outside of my regular duties. The china pot was colliding with the iron pot. Happily I had the resolution to await the outcome with resignation, feeling that I had done my honest duty.

Here again Napoleon showed his prodigious industry. After the first courier returned from the field, the

president of the Council called me to him at the end of the session and said:

'I have a compliment for you. The Emperor has written saying that you shall bring personally the next portfolio from the Council. You will leave for his headquarters the day after tomorrow.'

I took this as a good sign, for the Emperor would not have summoned me to him if my work had not pleased him.

I reached Vienna after the battle of Essling. [This is when he visited Beethoven.] The Emperor was at Schoenbrunn reviewing troops. All he said was this, in the presence of the Duke of Bassano:

'Mr. Auditor, you have done what three of my ministers did not dare to do. That is well. I shall not lose sight of you. Remain at my headquarters.'

We won the battles of Wagram and Znaim, and our French forces occupied Moravia. The Duke of Bassano said to me:

'The Emperor has appointed you intendant. You will keep in constant touch with Marshal Masséna, who commands the left wing of the army. It will be a difficult situation. Not only does the Marshal possess the full confidence of the Emperor, but he fancies an intendant can overcome administrative obstacles as easily as he takes redoubts. In your position the Emperor's eyes will be constantly upon you. I want to caution you for your own sake.'

The only way to get along with strong-minded men is to be calm and firm. I knew the Marshal gave excellent reports of my conduct. We had only one difference of opinion, and this is how it was settled:

The intendant-general, Count Daru, had eighty-thousand men to feed around Vienna. There were not provisions enough in the country, so he levied a heavy requisition on my province. I already had to provide for nearly sixty-

thousand there. I reported my orders to the Marshal. 'You will not obey, you know it is impossible.'

'Can I, Prince? What would you do to an officer who refused obedience? The intendant-general is my immediate superior.'

'But I am the commanding officer of my army corps, and you are hardly able to supply my troops.'

'I see only one way out of it, Marshal, and that depends on you.'

'What is it?'

'I will start my convoy as I should. You can hardly be ignorant of what I am doing. On your own authority, you will send a detachment of cavalry to turn it back and conduct it to the military storehouse. If you consider it advisable you will inform the Emperor what you have been compelled to do. I will make my report to the intendant-general and shall have done my duty.'

The prince shook my hand cordially, adopted my suggestion, and things stopped there.

The Treaty of Vienna restored Moravia to Austria, and gave France the Illyrian provinces. The Emperor appointed me intendant of Croatia. That part of the province on the right of the river Save, which was retained by Austria, held the old capital. This was very embarrassing for me. Another difficulty was that I had to deal with my people in five different languages: in Latin with the local authorities of the Hungarian districts; in Italian with the people on the coast; in German with the middle classes; in Croat with the peasants and common people; and, finally, in French with my superiors, the army administration, and my French employees. It was a real Babel, and the only province where these conditions prevailed.

[Baron de Trémont describes some of the difficulties of his administration in

Croatia, and of his subsequent negotiations at Agram with the representatives of Austria at the order of Napoleon.]

While I was at the negotiations at Agram I received my appointment as Prefect of Aveyron, with instructions to report as soon as I had terminated my present duties. So the Emperor had kept his word, 'I shall not lose sight of you,' in spite of my obscurity and remoteness.

I arrived at Paris the night the King of Rome was born, and discovered I was the only auditor who had ever been appointed a prefect before having served as Councilor of State. In delivering me his instructions the Emperor said:

'You see I have not forgotten you. The conscription is going very badly. Find out what the trouble is and restore order there.'

In fact, of an annual levy of six or seven hundred men, scarcely a hundred were serving with the colors. My future department had more than four thousand slackers, most of whom had escaped to Spain where they found work and it was impossible to get at them. A flying column of recruiters was oppressing their families and had become a disgrace to the department.

In order to cure the evil at its source I had to seek a new remedy. I begged the director-general of conscription to let me follow my own devices and take full responsibility. He granted my request. I abolished the press gangs, and proclaimed an amnesty for all old deserters. Then, emphasizing the mercy which had been shown them for their past misdeeds, I announced that in future I should enforce the law strictly, but with justice. I was successful. In the levy for 1811 there were only thirty-two deserters; in that for 1812 only five.

But the consequences of the tragic campaign in Russia were overwhelming France. Demands for men became in-

cessant. After having drafted two years ahead of the legal age, the classes who had already completed their service were called back to arms. We even had to take men exempted for cause. I thought this last order harmful for the service of the Emperor, at least in my own department. I did not want to take away the youth who was the sole support of an aged parent, of a widow or an orphan. I did not hesitate to act on my own responsibility in such cases and the results justified my policy.

An imperial decree was issued to organize the *gardes d'honneur*. Our cavalry was almost annihilated. It was hoped in this manner to get ten thousand picked men. The instructions to us prefects were to designate members of the *gardes d'honneur* and to tax their families arbitrarily for the cost of their mounts and equipment. Probably the Emperor, carried along by the fatal rush of events, had not properly studied the details of a measure sure to prove so odious and arbitrary. I chose to risk the loss of my position rather than to incur the reproach of the families who might charge me with personally designating their children for slaughter.

The only other prefect, in all the twenty-six departments which then comprised the Empire, who felt as strongly as I did, was Comte de Vaublanc, of Moselle. Although I could not obey the orders as given I did not relax my efforts. I had a list made of the men who would be eligible for service in the *gardes d'honneur* in the five *arrondissements* of my department. I left them to agree among themselves who should go, accepting only those who were able and willing. In four of the *arrondissements* the men arranged the matter among themselves. In the other I had the choice made by lot. In this way I got together young men really devoted to the cause, and in fact five more than the number sent. In-

stead of taxing the cost of their mounts and equipment arbitrarily, I levied it in accordance with the regular assessment roll.

The Minister of War, when he found what I had done, reproved me sternly, and wrote that I must report the matter to the Emperor. My reply was:

'Up to the present His Majesty has had enough confidence in me to leave me freedom of action in serving him in the department I administer. If in the present instance my contingent is less brave and less fit physically than the others, I have done wrong; but if it fulfills all the requirements, I count on the intelligence of the Emperor, to whom I have sent seven more men than he asked, two of them mounted and equipped at my personal expense, to recognize my personal loyalty.'

The Emperor must have approved my act, for I never heard anything but compliments for my contingent.

With our defeat came the abdication at Fontainebleau. I believed it was impossible for Louis XVIII to keep the promises made in his declaration at Saint-Ouen, and to leave the Emperor's prefects in charge of the departments. I remained only long enough to see that the new sovereign's authority was established, and, impressing upon the people in my care how much peace would mean to them after their recent sufferings, I resigned.

Now I come to the One Hundred Days. Though the Emperor's return was a miracle, I did not believe it would be permanently successful, and I did not present myself at the Tuileries. I thought he had forgotten me, and I congratulated myself on that fact. Let the following incident show how his mind retained everything, and how lofty and generous were his sentiments.

The day after he arrived at Paris he summoned, in regard to a military mat-

ter, one of my cousins and friends, a colonel of the engineers. He was at dinner at the time, with a single companion, Count Regnault.

'I'll be with you in a moment,' he said to the colonel. He then showed the Count a printed paper. It was my proclamation to the people of Aveyron. Freed from my oath of loyalty by the Emperor's abdication, I had said to them as their prefect, and still more as a French citizen, that the termination of the war would be a blessing in itself. Napoleon, whose marvelous mind grasped the minutest details, quickly caught up even in the confusion of his return from Elba, the last official acts of the men who had served him and who, he thought, would serve him again.

'See, Count, how he taught me a lesson!'

The Count glanced it through and thought the Emperor was angry. 'Intolerable! A mere auditor of no personal standing, whom Your Majesty had the generosity to elevate beyond his merits! What ingratitude! Surely Your Majesty will do nothing for him!'

'I am going to give him the prefecture of Ardennes!'

'What, Sire, a frontier department, which will be a most critical point if war becomes inevitable!'

'It is precisely that which decides me. I have put this man to the test

many times, and if he accepts I am sure he will serve me well.'

When he left the Tuileries my cousin hastened to tell me what he had chanced to overhear. My nomination came soon afterwards. I would not have accepted a department in the interior, but it would have been most ungrateful not to reply by my loyalty to so great a mark of confidence. I was deeply touched by the nobility of Napoleon's character, which permitted no trace of self-pride to obscure its view of truth. Louis XVIII in his place would have shown me the door.

So I reported to the Emperor, who merely said:

'Leave at once. I count on you.'

During the short, sad struggle which followed, I had the honor of being twice mentioned in the orders of the day.

I trust I may be pardoned for these personal details concerning one of the more humble servants of the Emperor. But the fact that I am a man of such modest position only emphasizes the tremendous grasp of that great commander, whom not the slightest detail escaped. It illustrates even more the generosity of his sentiments, how far above petty considerations and motives he was; how he had an eye only for loyal service, and never permitted his trust and favor to be shaken by the frankness and the independence of his agents.

NAPOLEON: A SOCIALIST ESTIMATE

BY K. L.

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, May 5
(VIENNA MODERATE SOCIALIST DAILY)

AT six o'clock on the evening of May 5, 1821, just as the sunset gun was sounding from the Fort of St. Helena, Napoleon sighed and breathed his last. A cancer of the stomach, the illness which had taken his father, struck the British shackles from the limbs of the chained Titan, who had worn them only four years less than his imperial title. His enemies in Europe, the Bourbons and the monarchs of the Holy Alliance who, six years before, had turned pale at the news of his return from Elba, received the tidings of his death with relief. In the safe and sane Europe of the restoration, there was no room for Napoleon's glory or Napoleon's empire. His fleeting shade sought asylum in a new realm — the realm of eternal fame. Indeed, even while the former master of the world was still a helpless prisoner in the tiny cliff-bound island, exposed to the petty persecutions of Hudson Lowe, popular song and story, myth and legend, and the genius of great poets were already weaving about his person the halo of a superman. When his physician, Antomarchi, verified that the pulse of the prematurely aged, over-corpulent little Corsican had stopped forever, a mortal ceased to live and a demigod was born.

Never did a human life or life-work bid more insistently for apotheosis. Summon the greatest military heroes of all ages, your Hannibals, Alexanders, Cæsars, and Friedrichs, and the golden eagle of the Emperor overtops them all, — soars high above the fame of Cannæ, Issos, Pharsalæ, and Leuthen.

When the great Punic general drank poison to escape the cruel vengeance of the Romans; when Cæsar sank under the daggers of conspirators, that was a personal tragedy; when relentless destiny harried Napoleon from the Kremlin to Leipzig, to Waterloo, and to his island prison, the fall of a man was the symbol for the fall of a world, of a world which he had personally created in fifteen short years. Did any fairy godmother whisper into the ears of the little Italian, whose first overmastering passion as a child was hatred of Corsica's French conquerors, against whom Paoli was then fighting his hopeless fight of freedom, that he would one day be the national hero of France? What promise was there in the student at Brienne, whose Italian name was mocked by his comrades; in the lieutenant at Auxonne who lodged in an attic with two chairs and a rickety table covered with books and could find no publisher for his *History of Corsica*; in the young general of the Revolution, with threadbare provincial clothes, touching the pity of the ladies of Paris — had not his 'gloomy staring Italian gaze' dazzled them — what promise was there in these sordid beginnings of the man who ten years later was to dwell indifferently in the Tuileries, in Schönbrunn, and in the Escorial, and who was to bid that Talma play at Erfurt before stalls filled with kings, servile crowned puppets of his mighty bidding? In 1794, Aubrey, chairman of the war committee of the Jacobins, shouted at him

when he asked an assignment with the army fighting in Italy: 'You are too young. Give your elders a chance!' Three years later, the victor of Lodi and Arcola dictated peace to the head of the Holy Roman Empire at Leoben.

What would Napoleon have been without the French Revolution? Perhaps a royal artillery captain in some French provincial garrison. This is what men have said a hundred times. Possibly. And, indeed, the greatest of revolutions cleared the way and prepared the tasks for this greatest of despots. It tapped the reservoirs of popular power with which he subdued a world. But did not this Revolution bring to the surface a vast wealth of genius? What of Augereau, Moreau, Carnot, Masséna, Hoche, and countless others whom the Republic placed at the head of its armies and crowned with laurels? It had already made the theological student, Murat, a general before Napoleon made him his brother-in-law and a king. How did it happen that none of this brilliant coterie — men of true French blood — became the heir of the Revolution? Why did that honor fall upon an obscure Corsican, whose island became French territory only a year before his birth? No matter how carefully we scan the moving forces of that day, we can find no other explanation for this incomparable cast of the die of human fate than that which lies in the man himself.

Stendhal, who saw clearer and farther into human souls than any other French writer, says: 'We can explain the son only through the typical Italian character of Mrs. Latitias. In my opinion, we find the true antecedents of Napoleon's character among the condottieri and petty princes of the fourteenth century in Italy, — men like Sforza, Piccinino, Castruccio-Castracane, and their comrades. Marvelous men: not deep political thinkers, but

men who were incessantly conceiving new plans, skillfully seizing fortune at the flood and turning it to their profit; heroic souls born in a century of action and not of writing.' Stendhal adds that Napoleon's earliest childhood impressions, received from stories of Paoli's fight for liberty against the French, gave him a serious cast of mind, so that his dreams and plans were never capriciously conceived merely to be dropped and forgotten. From his earliest youth, he had learned to concentrate his whole will upon definite ends. So, when only twenty-six years old, he was able to win the first coalition war. Undoubtedly his mighty genius was ripened early by the atmosphere of great deeds in which he lived. The main outlines of his genius were soon revealed; unequaled quickness of decision, which enabled him to act with the speed of lightning and, even when he miscalculated, to crush his opponent by surprise; extraordinary clarity of thinking perfected by his favorite study of mathematics, which made it possible for him to unravel with marvelous speed and certainty the most confused and knotty tangle of events or reported facts.

Yet intellectual gifts alone never bound the genius of a man of action; that depends on his character, on the moral premises of his conduct. Here again, the Italian blood of the condottieri helps us to interpret Napoleon. He may have become a Frenchman in acquired habits of thought and sentiment, but he did not possess French heredity and tradition. Therefore he could isolate himself morally from his environment, break loose from its sentimental compulsions, repudiate the ideals of the Revolution which had made him, and callously commit the moral and intellectual crime of erecting his imperial absolutism on the ruined thrones of a liberated world.

To be sure, the Revolution, by destroying feudal provincialism and creating an indivisible republic, prepared the ground for his prefectural administration which centred all power in himself, and which he developed into the first perfect bureaucratic-military despotism. Here we are faced by the query, Whence did any human heart draw courage to shut up the unchained volcanic forces of a great nation in the walls of vast imperial barracks; what inspired Napoleon with the boldness — only his fame prevents our saying the impudence — to install at Versailles all the pomp and ceremony of an imperial court, at the gates of the very Paris which had beheaded its aristocrats and made equality its law and creed. Only a man who was half-foreign to the French people, whose soul was untouched by the nation's enthusiasms and illusions, who looked upon the land and its dwellers as mere raw materials for his power instead of embodiments of holy memories, would have dared do that.

Napoleon's alien type of mind — alien from the French standpoint — was even more clearly revealed in his European policy. This was what endowed him with that quality of superman exhibited in his successful pursuit of power. Would the greatest of Frenchmen have conceived a dream of world empire that would have carried his banners to Moscow? The Revolution had swept away tradition. But when its armies rolled forward to the Rhine, across Belgium and Holland, and down toward Milan, they were fighting over fields for centuries familiar to French invaders. But what did the destruction of Prussia, the campaign to the remotest boundary of East Prussia, the creation of the kingdom of Italy, the organization of the Illyrian provinces, the typical Italian family idea of making Napoleon's brothers kings of

Holland, Westphalia, and Spain, and, last of all, what did the campaign to Moscow have in common with the prudent, rational instincts of the French? The lack of system in Napoleon's conquests, for which we have no precedent in history, shows them to be the work of a man governed only by his private impulses, blind to historical forces and the lessons of the past, seeing the limits of his ambition only in his genius and in the apparently inexhaustible reservoir of man power which had gushed forth from France at the wand stroke of revolution. To be sure, this idea that man can accomplish everything by pure reason, brush aside all that has come before, and defy the laws of evolution, was characteristic of eighteenth century rationalism, and was typified in the faith of that Revolution which was the true daughter of the eighteenth century. Yet, though the leaders of the Revolution might disregard history, and indeed deny it in their thinking, they paid deference to it in their acts. They respected it with true French instinct, and the unconscious teaching of their French environment kept them within the bounds of historical possibility. Hegel was right, however, in describing Napoleon as an incarnation of pure reason. In him, the rationalist dogma of the omnipotence of the idea became flesh and blood.

. . . To be sure, we can explain some of Napoleon's policies from historical premises. His continental embargo was the last great attempt of France to destroy England's sea power. His Rhine Federation copied a similar attempt by Louis XIV to isolate and divide Germany. His invasion of Spain was a resumption of the old Bourbon plan of leveling the boundary of the Pyrenees. But, taken as a whole, Napoleon's policies can not be accommodated to European history. They

have no relation to the past or with the evolutionary tendencies of his day. His creation was essentially a gigantic condottieri state, born of his own unbounded will and ability. His empire is a personal episode thrust athwart the normal evolution of European history. In fact, for ten years one man's biography took the place of that history. If this seems too bold a statement, consider the gulf that separates Napoleon from his greatest rivals. Peter the Great, a crowned revolutionist, attempted only to seize what his predecessors had sought. Bismarck, the creator of the German empire, remained so immersed in pre-German, Prussian, conservative traditions, that he did not venture to complete his labor of uniting Germany by partitioning Austria. More than that, he belied his own life-work by his alliance with Austria, and thereby prepared the way for the destruction of the empire he had built. The great men of history are visible generally only in relief against the background of their people and their country. Napoleon alone stands out a fully chiseled form without a background and without environment. He is autodynamic. For ten years the sun of history revolved around him.

Only a person who comprehends this will understand why Napoleon's features still bear the flush of life and why, after the lapse of a century, he has not ceased to be a mighty moving power. Although we may perceive the paradox — the ultimate unreason — of his world conquest, it is an historical phenomenon which remains the highest expression of human ability on record. He seemed to enlarge the bounds of man's possibilities. Poetry and legend gathered about him. Napoleon, like Theodoric and Charlemagne in the Middle Ages, is in every literature eternal material for song and story. We need not be surprised that Goethe

believed him invincible. He was a visible embodiment of that creative power of genius which Goethe worshiped in his stormy and impulsive youth, and which Schopenhauer's philosophy consecrated with almost religious reverence. It is the spirit which speaks in Carlyle's *Hero Worship* and Nietzsche's superman.

. . . The beguiling enchantment of his name is felt even in the circles of democracy. Heine and Béranger celebrated in song the simplicity and openheartedness of this greatest of adventurers and partisan leaders. That perhaps is a permissible weakness in poets. But sober history has done the same. During the restoration, the stupid legitimist régime committed the folly of consecrating the man who had suppressed the Revolution as the Revolution's heir, and of representing the devastator and ravager of Germany as its liberator from feudalism and separatism. It is remarkable that no one has appeared to show how opposite Napoleon was to all these things. Would a restoration have been possible in France and in Europe had there not been the Napoleonic interregnum to bridge the chasm torn by the Revolution between the present and the past? Who other than this God of War would have been powerful enough to substitute an hereditary feudal nobility for equality before the law; primogeniture for the equal division of estates; the concordat for free thought; arbitrary prefects for local self-government? Who else was strong enough to debase parliament to a mere agency for recording his will, thus setting the precedent for the fictitious constitutionalism that succeeded? Who else than the man who had sated the French with glory would have ventured to give them such toys of vanity in place of the bread of liberty? Napoleon was not the man who transmitted the conquests of the

Revolution to posterity. They would have descended to the proper heirs without his predatory blood-seeped empire. Rather, he invented the administrative machinery which helped to perpetuate reaction, violence, and military autocracy through the following century. He is the true restorer of the old régime. The Holy Alliance was only his follower and imitator. Napoleon III and Bismarck but trod in his footsteps. What greater danger threatens German unity even to-day than the larger kingdoms which Napoleon erected in place of their comparatively harmless dwarf predecessors in Central and Southern Germany. Bavaria by Napoleon's grace still blocks Germany's progress toward republicanism. And did not Napoleon leave an even worse legacy behind him? By forcing us to fight for the Prussian throne in defending our liberty, he diverted Germany into the path of royalism, and hallowed kings with the glory of patriots. He thus crippled for a century the normal democratic development of our national spirit.

Were there a poet in Europe who combined with the power of the word the vision of the ages, were literature to-day more than gilded commonplace, we should have heard ringing through the shrieks and groans of the last four years of world slaughter the taunting demoniacal laugh of Napoleon's ghost. For we were tempted into this hell of self-mutilation by the befuddlement of Napoleon worship. Napoleon stands at the great dividing-point in the art of war. He substituted for the strategy of exhaustion, which had prevailed for four hundred years and had just had its most distinguished master in Friedrich

the Great, the strategy of the sudden shattering attack. He found an instrument for this in the *levée en masse* which was an invention of the French Revolution. By giving him an unlimited replacement of men, the *levée* enabled him to force a quick decision without regard for his losses, to crush his opponent in battle instead of wearing him out by manœuvres. The new institution gave him patriotic citizen-soldiers instead of unreliable mercenaries; enabled him to requisition, to live on the country, instead of keeping in touch with bases of supplies; made it possible for him to dash through a kingdom at race-horse speed and overwhelm it with the mere mass of his army. The twenty years between 1796 and 1815 were the years of 'absolute war,' of that Napoleonic strategy which Clausewitz elevated to a theory of universal application, and which that teacher's pupil, Moltke, consecrated as the religion of every general staff by his victory at Sedan. This was the strategy which found its highest application in the recent war. Its greatest master in all history was Napoleon. His idea was to place the nation's last man in the battle-line, to fight until one side was annihilated. We go beyond Clausewitz and copy Napoleon in the political purposes of our modern war. Like him, we sweep through enemy countries, exterminating their armies, brushing aside historical, cultural, and national ties, creating new kingdoms and principalities on a victorious battlefield and drawing the map of Europe on the basis of successful campaigns. That is what Ludendorff dreamed of doing; that is what Clemenceau, Foch, and Briand are now doing along the Rhine and in Silesia.

ITALY: 1821 – 1921

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

From *La Revue de Genève, May*
(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

Just one hundred years ago a revolution broke out in Piedmont. Several former officers of Napoleon, who had taken service with the King of Piedmont in 1814, grew discontented with the obscurity and inaction to which the pacifism of the Holy Alliance condemned them, and conspired with a group of students and liberal reformers. This revolution, thus military in its origin, championed a constitution, war with Austria, and the liberation of Italy. Thereby the militarism of the Empire allied itself with liberalism and nascent nationalism in quest of a more brilliant career than the absolute monarchy founded on the ruins of Napoleon's government promised, in an effort to destroy the treaties of 1815.

It was not difficult to crush this revolt. The new government was still too solid. But the serious aspect of the affair was that Prince Carignan, head of the younger branch of the House of Savoy, had prior knowledge of the plot and encouraged it, at least at the outset. He had compromised himself so that he had to leave the court and Piedmont when the revolution was defeated, and to seek an asylum at Florence, with his father-in-law, the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Here he lived in the sumptuous Poggio palace. Later he went to Spain to expiate his fault fighting for the restoration of a legitimist monarchy there, and to await with patience a pardon, which was granted only subject to conditions. But the policy of the younger branch of the House of Savoy, which was destined to succeed the elder branch

ten years later, was thus established. The Prince of Carignan, the future Charles-Albert, failed in this 1821 adventure; but he and his successors were to be more fortunate later. Their policy was to use revolutionary ideas, without believing in them, to rule and enlarge their kingdom, instead of trying, like the Holy Alliance, to crush them. They sought to convert the extremists into props of law and order and supporters of their far-reaching diplomatic and military schemes.

Though Charles-Albert succeeded to the throne in 1831, he was too closely watched by Austria to resume his youthful enterprise until 1848. Until then he was forced to be a good king, according to the Holy Alliance pattern. But he did not hesitate an instant after the July Monarchy fell at Paris. On March 4 he promulgated a constitution, and three weeks later declared war on Austria. Thereby he renewed the alliance between militarism, liberalism and nationalism, which had been on the programme of 1821.

His effort failed at Novara. Even with the aid of a revolution, Piedmont was too small to fight the Austrian Empire. But the son continued the policy of the father and succeeded. He broke completely with the old absolutist nobility of Piedmont, which had been the faithful prop of the legitimists ever since 1789. He did not break completely with the Church, but he endorsed the revolutionary principle that politics must be left entirely to the laity. He governed with the aid of the liberal

nobles and higher bourgeoisie in disregard of the absolutist nobles and partisan clergy. He contented himself with the powers of a constitutional sovereign ruling with a Lower and Upper House of Parliament elected by limited suffrage, and with a fairly free press. He was not so averse to republican ideas as to refuse the assistance of Mazzini and the sword of Garibaldi. He did not fear the devil enough to halt on his march to Rome. He succeeded by his policy in driving Austria from Lombardy and Venice, in conquering Italy, in founding a great kingdom, and in creating a powerful army. Militarism, liberalism, nationalism: the Alliance of 1821 bore the fruit of which its first promoters dreamed a half-century later.

King Humbert continued this policy. Victor Emmanuel II governed with the Right; that is to say, with the liberal nobles and upper bourgeoisie, against the absolutists. King Humbert governed with the Left against the Right. His Left included former republicans who had rallied to the monarch after 1860. They attacked the Right and its policies as too conservative, and proclaimed themselves champions of the common people and democratic doctrines. This party honestly accepted sovereignty of the people, of which the liberal Right had professed to be the first defender. It drew its recruits from the middle classes and the intellectuals. King Humbert used this party to liberalize still further the constitution, to extend the right of suffrage to several million citizens; to form a dynastic alliance with Austria and Germany, to strengthen the army and navy, and to lay the foundation of a colonial empire. He tried to make Italy more influential in Europe by adding to its military strength. He selected as his premier to carry out this policy, Crispi, a friend and pupil of Mazzini, who had many ties with the republicans and extreme Left.

Humbert was not as successful as his father. His reign closed under cloudy skies. It is almost a law for movements issuing from the French Revolution to proceed in a series of waves, each larger than its predecessor and submerging it. A democratic Left had overtaken and overtopped a liberal Right. But during Humbert's reign two new waves lifted themselves in quick succession; radicalism and socialism. The former tried to submerge both the Left and the Right, and the latter sought to overwhelm even radicalism itself. The Radicals accused the Left of betraying the interests of the people, just as the Left had similarly accused the Right. Thereupon Radicals were charged with the same crime by the Socialists. The result was that utter confusion prevailed during the last five or six years of Humbert's reign, and even the traditional policy of his House was shaken. There was a moment when the King, in an instant of panic, seemed about to adopt a truly conservative programme. But a dynasty cannot play fast and loose with principles and still keep erect. When King Humbert looked around for agents to lead a conservative policy, he either found none or only badly battered ones.

Victor Emmanuel III, ascending the throne under these tragic circumstances, returned boldly to the traditions of his family. The situation was not promising, but he luckily chose a man who proved adept in accommodating the royal policy to the situation. This was Giolitti, descended from a good bourgeois family of Piedmont and born when the monarchy was still venerated in that province as an almost sacred institution. Giolitti is one of the few statesmen of Italy who still cherishes sincere and strong devotion for the House of Savoy. Added to this, he retains the patriotism of a generation whose youth was contemporary with the reign of Victor Emmanuel II, plus

utter indifference to the teachings of modern democracy. Possessing no passion for democracy, he can use it coldly as an instrument of government, in the sincere and perhaps illusory hope of serving well his country, which he loves, and a dynasty which he still respects.

Giolitti formed a working agreement with the Radicals and Socialists, and succeeded with their aid or tolerance in following a militarist and nationalist policy for the first fourteen years of the century. He called the Radicals to power, and even tried to get Socialists into the cabinet. He was always on excellent terms with them. But never during our history was our foreign policy a more impenetrable mystery, more an affair of the court and the cabinet, of which the people knew nothing. Although the Triple Alliance had been the object of constant bitter attack by the extreme Left during the reign of Humbert, Giolitti renewed it twice with the extreme Left in control of the government, without debate, in the profoundest secrecy, and under conditions which even to-day are little understood. He granted universal suffrage to people who did n't ask for it, at a time when every party, including the Socialists, feared the measure. He threw the key to government into the street, counting upon his friends to retrieve it and bring it back to him. But he conquered Tripoli, thereby delivering a last blow to a world peace already trembling upon its pedestal. He strengthened the army and navy to the utmost of his ability. If both proved poorly prepared when the war broke out, the fault was not his policy, but the absurdity of the present system, which demands the impossible. In a word, he worked zealously shoulder to shoulder with the other men who governed Europe from 1900 to 1914, and thereby helped pave the way to our great catastrophe. To be sure, when the World War broke out he took fright

and recoiled. He saw that the dynasty and Italy might be overwhelmed together in the horrible adventure. He tried to prevent our entering the war. But Italy was drawn into the vortex by the whole political movement which started with the revolution of 1821, and of which he had been the latest, most skillful and most successful promoter. Did not the Kingdom of Italy owe its existence to the policy of the younger branch of the House of Savoy, of making capital ever since 1848 out of the discords and conflicts of the Great Powers? Were not its most vital interests inseparably bound up with those discords and conflicts? How could we break those bonds over-night, and withdraw into a neutrality which even governments that had remained neutral for half a century could not preserve? Giolitti could not check the avalanche he had helped to start.

The blunders of his successors, especially the incomparable incapacity of Nitti, saved him and restored him to power. In resuming office he found the government profoundly disorganized by a long war, and revolution rife among the Socialists on one hand, and the Nationalists on the other. In judging Italy's condition to-day we must not forget the genesis of the troubles which assail it. The country was quite orderly up to June 1919. Domestic tranquillity had been preserved until Orlando was overthrown, as a result of his defeats at the Peace Conference, and the King summoned Nitti to form a new cabinet. The Nationalists tried to prevent this by starting riots in the large cities. Their desire to save the country from this disastrous ministry was laudable, but the means they adopted were revolutionary. That was the first step toward disorder. Nitti succeeded in forming his cabinet, but its members were hardly installed when another revolutionary movement broke out among

the Socialists. This was much larger and more radical in its objects than its predecessor. From one end of Italy to the other mobs revolted against the high cost of living, pillaged workshops and warehouses, carried vast quantities of merchandise to their labor exchanges, where they sold them for almost nothing, and compelled the authorities to regulate prices in the most capricious manner. For a few days chaos prevailed, and Italy made its first experiment — happily a very short one — with a dictatorship of the proletariat.

But the party at the other extreme hastened to imitate its rival. In September it organized the Fiume expedition. That will mark the real beginning of the great Italian revolution, if our present agitation results in a general revolution. For the first time in the history of the kingdom, part of the army revolted against the government. The effect on the general election was most formidable. The Socialists won a stunning victory, which turned the heads of the masses and of some of their leaders. Revolution was supposed to be imminent. All the bitterness and discontent and rebellion which the long and brutal repression of the war had held in check until it reached explosive tension, burst forth. The feeble and hesitating government was helpless. Disorder reigned for months. Strikes, assaults, revolts, mad enterprises, pillaging, burnings and assassinations were the order of the day. Railway servants refused at one time to transport gendarmes, troops, or war materials to destinations of which they disapproved. Nitti folded his arms and let things slide.

In face of this outburst of violence the bourgeoisie was for months as stunned and helpless as the government. Then little by little reaction reasserted itself. White revolution began to fight Red revolution. Fascisti appeared in different cities, mostly in connection

with the Fiume affair, which dragged on miserably. Their original object was apparently to back up d'Annunzio. Soon, however, they came into conflict with the Socialists and Communists. When Giolitti returned to power, in June 1920, he found the wave of Communist revolution at its height, and the Fascisti revolution just beginning. The country was in the throes of two simultaneous revolts.

Giolitti did nothing to check these movements, because he was either unwilling or unable to do so. But he tried to better the general situation. He reorganized the finances and ratified the Peace Treaty. In domestic affairs he adopted a policy of passive waiting, letting the two revolutions wear themselves out fighting each other. The Socialists proceeded from one adventure to another, culminating in the seizure of factories last October. But the following month, when municipal elections occurred throughout Italy, they found themselves confronted by a Conservative coalition which offered much stronger resistance than at the preceding Parliamentary election. The outcome was that the Socialists made few gains. In 1919 they won about one-third of the seats in Parliament, and in 1920 they won about one-third of the municipalities. Immediately after the municipal elections, however, incidents attending the assumption of office by the new town councils — particularly a terrible massacre in the Bologna City Hall — resulted in a wave of Fascisti violence.

The latter rushed in to take the place of the absent or hesitant authorities, often going much farther than any government would have ventured to go. They made searches and arrests, burned the printing-offices of Socialist newspapers, attacked and destroyed chambers of labor, broke up Socialist meetings by force of arms, interfered with that party's propaganda, and threat-

ened the lives of the principal Socialist deputies in Parliament. Last of all they organized what they called punitive expeditions. Wherever a deed of violence was committed by the Socialists in any city, the Fascisti would assemble from all sides to inflict reprisals, usually against the local labor exchange, the Socialist club, or leaders of that party. Naturally, as always happens in such cases, the innocent suffered more than the guilty.

The government made no serious attempt to check this movement. We must realize that it would have been very difficult to do so without restoring order simultaneously among the Socialists, and the two revolts could hardly have been mastered without martial law. Any government would hesitate before that extreme measure, to which weighty objections exist in moments like these. So the only course possible was to let the agitation wear itself out. Giolitti waited until the country was sick and tired of that kind of disorder and disgusted with all forms of revolution. Then he dissolved the Chamber.

What do the present elections mean? By chance they occurred precisely a century after the Revolution of 1821; but that accident is in a way a symbol. The elections are a new application of the hereditary policy of the royal house which started with the Revolution of 1821, — the most risky application ever attempted.

What had been the policy of the government and the dynasty up to 1914? With the solid backing of Europe, where the monarchic system was still the buttress of the social order, the royal house and the government had made concessions to leaders and party programmes as the emergency demanded — to the Republicans of 1890 and to the Socialists after that — thereby purchasing

their support to defeat intractable factions and to promote the policy which had created, consolidated, and enlarged the Kingdom of Italy. Concessions to particular leaders had always been more important than concessions to principles. That is why the policy succeeded better with the Socialists than with the old Republican party of Mazzini. The latter professed principles much clearer, more precise, and better defined than those of the Socialists, whose programmes are vague and whose formulas are more dangerous in appearance than in substance. The old Republicans were won over and changed sides slowly and with dignity. The Socialists scrambled into office at the first invitation with most extraordinary alacrity.

But to-day the situation is very different. The dynasty and the cabinet have no solid conservative Europe to back them up. They are isolated like every other government on a continent still shaking with an earthquake. In fact the Fascisti are more bitter enemies than the Socialists, in spite of the recent Bolshevik craze among the latter. The stronger and deeper current of opinion among the Socialists secretly endorses Giolitti and his policy and desires nothing better than agreement with him. The Premier has many fervent and faithful followers among the old Socialist deputies who were in Parliament before the war, and there are among them many secret aspirants for office. On the other hand, the Fascisti detest Giolitti, whom they regard as nothing less than the hangman of Fiume, and they are not by any means devoted to the King. Therefore the old shrewd, adroit policy which has carried the House of Savoy from Turin to Rome no longer suits the situation.

What will Giolitti do? First of all he will try to use the Fascisti to crush the Socialists; that is to weaken that group in Parliament, especially its most revo-

lutionary wing.¹ Prior to the campaign the ministry organized all over the country constitutional coalitions which allied themselves with the Fascisti against the Socialists. It is evident likewise that the Fascisti at present have *carte blanche* to terrorize the Socialists and disorganize their propaganda. They are committing acts of violence against the leaders and organizations of that party without the interference of the government.

If this first part of the manœuvre succeeds, as is possible, — if the Socialist group comes back to Parliament, weakened in numbers but strengthened in experience and conservatism, Giolitti will make the second and most delicate move of his manœuvre. He will try to dicker with the Socialists, and will even offer them a share in the government. He will use the Socialists, now firm defenders of law and order, to check the Fascisti and make them in turn respect the law. His scheme is to compensate the Socialists for their defeat in the election by giving them offices, and to punish the Fascisti for helping him win the election, by suppressing them.

This is a very complicated strategy, and might seem inspired by deep and devious Machiavellianism to those who do not know the history of modern Italy and fancy that its politics resemble those of France or England. But it is nothing else than the finer application of an old method, too successful for a century to expect defeat now. The important question is whether the hopes upon which it is based are well-founded, or whether they are as illusory as a thousand other things in Italy and Europe since the war.

The trade of prophet is a hard one just at present. I shall not try to draw the veil from the future, and shall con-

fine myself to expressing impressions which are more or less instinctive. I feel that the strategem is too complicated and the times are too disturbed to promise success. It is by no means unlikely that 1921 will see the final decline of the policy begun in 1821. Everything is mortal, even methods of government. I do not feel that a coalition between the constitutional parties and the Fascisti will be as easily arranged as many think. Not only do proportional representation, personal rivalries, and conflicting ambitions stand in the way, but also large questions of policy. The Fascisti repudiate the Treaty of Rapallo and wish to annul it. Since they will not yield on that point, how can they coöperate with the men approving that Treaty? . . . The plan of letting two antagonistic revolutionary movements fight each other to a standstill can succeed only under one condition: that the government is strong enough to master them whenever it desires, and to use them as docile instruments against each other. Will any ministry be strong enough for that? And if it is not, what is going to happen? . . . When these lines are read the results of the election will be known, and in all probability the Socialist group will have been weakened. Everybody in Italy and abroad will fancy for a moment that the demon of disorder and anarchy has been crushed, and that Italy is about to enter upon an era of domestic peace. But they will soon discover that the final restoration of order in Italy, as in the rest of Europe, is a much more complicated and difficult task than they fancy. If we could restore order by lessening the number of Socialists in Parliament and discouraging their propaganda our task would indeed be simple.

But the disorder which has been sweeping over Europe since the war is due to far deeper causes than Socialist

¹ The elections, held since this was written, did not accomplish this to the extent predicted.
— Editor.

propaganda. Socialism is merely a contributory cause, and itself is but an effect of more profound forces which have been fermenting beneath the surface of European society ever since the French Revolution, and have produced our present anarchy. To a large extent the parties and factions which have ruled Europe since the French Revolution are responsible for our present disorders; except perhaps the men who governed between 1815 and 1848. They did make a serious but unsuccessful attempt to put Europe back upon a solid and coherent foundation. But all later parties and factions have merely fostered disorder and revolt among the common people. They have carried the military system to an absurd extreme; they have obliterated in the minds of the commons the very idea of the sanctity of law and order as a guaranty of domestic peace; they have promoted a fierce race among the Great Powers of Europe for military, political and commercial supremacy, for the control of continents and oceans, for the extension of their territories. They have inspired their citizens, in order to encourage them in this struggle, with a passionate desire for all the good things of the earth; for political power and material wealth. They have placed arms in the hands of the masses, and have given them just enough education to make them see the weaknesses and the blunders of the men who govern them.

The classes and political parties en-

trusted with the maintenance of the social order, in their personal greed for immediate gain, have excited the greed of the commons. They have encouraged a constant rise of wages until the latter have become fancifully exorbitant. They have introduced universal suffrage, making the workers the masters of the government and giving them power of life and death over the intellect. They have aroused the spirit of popular criticism and dissent by a system of instruction better calculated to cultivate vanity than common sense. And they have taught the people to handle arms and fight. Arm the masses! No previous civilization in the history of the world has been guilty of such folly. And now we see politicians and former ruling classes stunned with astonishment, and asking if the earth has left its orbit, because the commons, enriched, powerful, proud, and armed, are unwilling to obey longer little oligarchies who arrogate to themselves among other rights that of sending their fellow citizens to be slaughtered by millions in the name of the fatherland, without even telling what for!

If the Socialists are to-day masters of half of Europe, in spite of their ignorance and incapacity, they owe this far more to Napoleon and Bismarck than to Proudhon and Marx. That is why it will take something more than an election to restore normal conditions in Italy or elsewhere. What is demanded of the present age is a long, radical, and painful disciplining of the spirit.

THE JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE

From The Manchester Guardian, May 7

(LIBERAL DAILY)

TO-DAY a Japanese boy of twenty years arrives in this country. In some ways he will be the most remarkable visitor we have ever had. The Imperial Family to which he belongs is regarded by some three-score millions of people as superhuman. It is by far the oldest reigning house in the world's history, though in the light of modern historical criticism not quite 'coeval with heaven and earth,' nor descended from heaven, as the Japanese official legends make out. Moreover, our young visitor may seem to English minds still more remarkable because, as Heir Apparent, he is destined ere long to become, at least in the eyes of the vast mass of his fellow countrymen, himself an actual living god, and, as Emperor, to receive the worship of the mighty Japanese Empire.

But to prevent misunderstanding two things should be pointed out. The divinity (as it may be called for want of a better translation for the curious Japanese word for god) of the Imperial ruler has little in common with divine right as understood by our Stuarts or imagined by the late German Emperor. It has a spiritual rather than a political character. Politically, the Japanese sovereign is not and never has been an autocrat, but rather a constitutional monarch. A better parallel might be sought in the position of the Papacy, but that, too, would not be very close. The peculiar prestige of the Japanese Imperial House is intimately bound up with ancestor worship and the family system that are so deeply rooted in

Japanese mass-thinking. All the nation is, as it were, one family, and the Imperial House its central stem. And, secondly, the terms 'god' or 'divine' do not mean to the Japanese what they do to us. They have rather the significance that they had in the days of the early Roman Empire when Augustus assumed the divine title. There is in respect of this family system a surprising similarity between Japan and ancient Rome.

The Crown Prince's voyage is even more remarkable, because it is the first instance in the recorded and authentic history of this unique dynasty of a member of it in the direct succession leaving the shores of Japan. Naturally enough, in an intensely conservative country, the more old-fashioned opinion has been startled at the innovation and somewhat alarmed. Why this innovation at all, and why now? One may put aside all the rumors of Court intrigue over the Crown Prince's marriage and of a battle of clans on the steps of the Imperial throne, not because they are untrue, but because they are both unverifiable, at least for foreign observers, and irrelevant. The Prince has youth and character. He will probably occupy the throne for a considerable period, and it is likely to be one of rapid change for Japan and the rest of the world. One may hazard the guess that in the eyes of the bureaucracy the time is coming when the relations between sovereign and subject in Japan will have to undergo the slight modification that is required to adjust

them to a changing world, and that the future Emperor cannot do better than visit the classic land of monarchy in order to find out for himself the secret of royal popularity in an advanced democracy. In Japan it is realized that the English monarchy is one of the few solid rocks amid the threatened social avalanche.

The Prince is to study at first hand the cities, peoples, and cultures of the West, of which he has learned hitherto only through books. Therefore he will travel incognito and free from embarrassment. Only on the occasion of his reception by heads of State will he for the moment abandon his anonymity and assume his official status as the Heir Apparent. Though due to a spontaneous and natural resolve, and having no special political or spiritual significance, the Crown Prince's adventure does represent a landmark. Hardly more than a generation ago the Japanese believed that they would be struck blind if they gazed upon their sovereign. True, the conception common to the East as far as Siam still holds good, that it is an offense to look down upon a superior from a higher level, and as the Emperor drives through Tokyo the blinds of the upper windows have to be drawn, and no one is allowed to peep through. But that custom, too, will pass under the same influence which allows the Crown Prince to establish a precedent for all future rulers of Japan.

There is in Tokyo the so-called Peers' School, the Eton of Japan, and the only 'exclusive' school in the country. Unlike Eton, it covers all the stages of education from the early beginning to the university matriculation. To this school the Crown Prince went to learn the three 'R's,' and in Japan, with its mixture of ideographic and syllabic writing, the first two 'R's' are appallingly difficult. From six years of age until fourteen he sat at his

little desk among his infant 'peers,' who, of course, are strictly not peers at all and never will be, patiently copying out with his ink-brush and memorizing the thousand or two complex Chinese ideographs that every Japanese school-boy, leaving the elementary school, is expected to know. Again searching for a parallel, one would have to suppose an English elementary-school boy having to make himself fully acquainted with and fully proficient in the use of all Pitman's logograms in the 'reporter's stage' of that art — these logograms are semi-ideographs — before he reached the seventh grade. Such is, and will remain, Japanese education until, or unless, they adopt the world alphabet.

After this 'three-R' stage had been completed, the Prince left the Peers' School and entered a sort of special private class within the moated and inaccessible enclosure of the Imperial Palace, where, together with a few chosen boy friends, he was put under special tutors. Here, from 1914 until last year he was 'coached' in all the sciences and subjects that are given in our public schools, with the difference that, instead of Latin and Greek, he, like other boys of his nation, was put through the Chinese classics. These years were a thrilling time for any imaginative boy of any land to live through, and the Prince responded to the special stimulus of the war. In every school in every civilized country in the world the maps on the wall acquired a rare glamour; geography and history appealed to the young mind as they are never likely to appeal again. The little class within the walls of the Imperial Palace at Tokyo was no exception, nor was its principal pupil. It is to the strong interest in Europe aroused in these terrible years that the young Prince's initiative in suggesting this voyage is said to be due. A curious defect in the Prince's educa-

tion, however, will make itself felt on this adventure. European princes are taught to lisp in two or three languages while they are in the nursery. The Japanese Crown Prince tackled no foreign language until he was fourteen, and then only French, no doubt because of the obsolescent tradition that made it the sole diplomatic language. English, which is the *Lingua Franca* of Japan, and to the learning of which every Japanese schoolboy devotes more effort than to anything else, the Prince has only just begun. French he can read well enough, though he is not proficient in speaking it.

In our sense he has never taken up athletics. Young Japan to-day is keen on baseball and American 'Rugger.' Long-distance Marathon races are gaining in popularity, while they are losing it in the West. But in his school-days the Prince has been kept to the traditional Japanese athletics, and principally sword-play — that is, with the huge two-handed mediæval Japanese sword. *Jiu-jitsu* — or, to give it its right name, *Judo* — he did not practise. Yet he is a clever tennis player, and is in the enthusiastic beginner's stage in golf.

At both his winter and his summer palaces he has had nine-hole courses made, and plays regularly in tweed suit and cap and with a Japa-

nese caddie in attendance. A first-rate and tireless horseman, he makes riding his favorite exercise, and often canters out from Tokyo, twenty miles or more into the country. Only one who knows the roads around Tokyo, their condition and their odors, can appreciate his enthusiasm, skill, and courage.

His palaces are old-fashioned and built in the Japanese style, with paper windows and sliding walls. Though the structure is Japanese, the floors are carpeted and the rooms are equipped with chairs and Western furniture — a not very satisfactory combination. His private apartments are fitted with European fireplaces instead of the Japanese *hibachi* or wooden charcoal-fire box. Like all Japanese, he is an early riser, and even in winter is awakened at six.

In every way he lives after the Western fashion save in diet, which is mixed European and Japanese, or, as the Japanese say, 'half-and-half.' All that this means in practice is that he often takes rice where we take bread and has the Japanese liking for fish.

Of late, owing to his father's illness, he has taken on the ceremonial duties of the Palace, receiving foreign diplomats, for example, and on his return to Tokyo he is certain to be appointed Regent.

RUSSIANS ABROAD

BY N. C. TEFFI

[The author of these sketches, Mlle. N. A. Teffi, is a well-known Russian humorist, famous for her political satire. She is a refugee from Soviet Russia, and now lives in Paris. The first of these sketches, taken from the Paris 'Svobodnyaya Mysl', depicts with bitter irony the fact that under the Imperial régime exiles from Russia strove to return to their native land, while under the Soviet régime refugees from Russia flee their land. The second sketch, taken from the Paris 'Posledniya Novosti,' is a biting satire on the life of some of these refugee groups.]

I

WHAT a strange, what a peculiar lot of people the Russians are! Don't you think so?

What ails them? An utter lack of understanding, or an epidemic of madness?

A marvelously organized country, headed by an all-wise Government, that thinks ceaselessly of the well-being of its subjects, and such peculiar behavior on the part of these subjects!

In former times, when Russia groaned under the oppression of autocracy, it was considered a fearful punishment to be exiled abroad without the right to return to the native land. Such emigrants were considered martyrs. They were spoken of as men and women robbed of their motherland. Their names were uttered in worshipful whispers. Legends were told of their life in strange countries.

And very often, unable to stand any longer the punishment meted out to them, they would disguise themselves, obtain counterfeited passports, and attempt in secret to make their way back to their native land, running the risk of being caught, arrested and again sent into exile. It was hard to get back to Russia. All along the border were stern gendarmes, the 'satraps of the Tsar,' as they were usually termed. They examined the counterfeited passports with utmost care and those whose

deceit was discovered were not permitted to return to Russia.

'We don't want such as you,' the exiles would be told. 'Those we have will be enough for us.'

The better-to-do people would go abroad in the spring to take some cure. While in Germany, they would purchase brochures in which they would be told how much of a fool the Tsar was, and they would read these brochures in their hotel rooms in Berlin, after carefully locking every door. Then, after their cure or their journey was over, they would return to their native land. On the border, at the station of Verzhbolovo, they would gaze with the peculiar joy of homecoming at the ruddy nose of the railroad gendarme, and, stuffing in the lining of their coats the piquant brochures about the 'fool of a Tsar,' together with their contraband cigars, they would hasten back to their old life, however 'evil, unjust, oppressive' it was; however 'crushing to the human personality,' however 'shaming the name of man and citizen.'

I recall one of Herzen's articles, in which he tells of a liberally minded man who was arrested for his liberalism. His wife, when she learned of this, was so grieved that she could not continue to wean her child, and the baby fell ill. Herzen ends his description of these events with the following exclamation:

'May it be cursed, the reign of Nicholas! May it be cursed!'

I do not know why, but, no matter in what frame of mind I may find myself, every time I recall this story, particularly the author's outcry of indignation, I cannot restrain a smile.

Dear Herten! You should have lived to see Lenin! He would have shown you things!

So they endured that frightful oppression, flew into fits of indignation, suffered and cursed, and still did not want to leave the country.

And everybody outside of Russia knew that the Russian régime was unbearable and that the Russian people were martyrs.

And now a strange thing happens. Foreign observers go to Russia and on their return say that, although things are not quite — etc., nevertheless everything is arranged very nicely. They have seen well-fed people at Maxim Gorky's parties. They have even found it possible to have polite discussions and arguments with ex-hangmen. In short, things are not nearly as bad as the enemies of Communism try to picture them. Life is possible; not for everybody, of course, but surely for the Russians.

And yet — is it not strange? — the Russians do not want to stay.

In vain does the kindly Soviet Government plug up every exit. The refugees crawl out, like cockroaches out of holes and cracks, — hundreds of them, thousands. They give away their last rubles to bribe the guards, run away at night, in snow and rain, over treacherous ice. They flee with their wives and children, starving, freezing, wandering from their road, constantly risking death. And still they flee, and flee, and flee, across every border, over seas, fields, mountains, through marshes and forests — wherever man can walk, swim, or crawl. They flee and flee.

I think that if the Soviet Govern-

ment allowed freedom of emigration from Russia, the very next day, half of Russia would begin to crawl toward or over the borders.

Strange people, are they not?

What happened when Crimea was being evacuated? Men jumped into the water to swim after the boats that were steaming away. Cripples crawled down to the shore, groaning for aid to get to the boats that remained. Those who were left behind shot themselves, jumped into the water to drown, killed their own relatives. They preferred death to living with the Bolsheviks.

Is it not a very strange phenomenon?

And all these are people who know what Bolshevism is from very intimate experience; not from afar or through a twelve-day journey with Bolshevik interpreters. And the better they know what Bolshevism is, and the longer they remain in contact with it, the more powerful and irresistible their desire to flee wherever possible, — the farther, the better.

What is the reason for all this?

How do the kind friends of new Russia chance to overlook so strange a phenomenon? Why do they make no attempt to learn its causes?

Strange, is it not?

II

I have been told the following story:

A Russian general who lives in exile in Paris came out one day on the Place de la Concorde, looked about in all directions, glanced at the sky, at the square, at the houses, at the stores, at the gay crowd, scratched his nose, and said with profound feeling:

'All this is very good, of course. Very, very good. But what to do? What are we going to do?'

The general's dictum is just by way of introduction. The tale itself is coming. It really hangs therefrom.

Here are we, Russians, living a pecu-

liar life, that does not seem like anything else in the world. We are held together not by a force of mutual attraction, as a planetary system, for example, but, on the contrary, by a force of mutual repulsion.

Every one of us hates all the rest, just as much as all the rest hate him.

'This state of mind has come about as a result of a unique change in the structure of the Russian language. For example, it has become customary to use the word 'thief' with the name of every Russian. We now say:

'Thief-Akimenko, thief-Petrov, thief-Saveliev.'

This word has long since lost its original connotation. It now has the character either of an article, or else of a distinguishing title, similar to the Spanish 'Don.'

Nowadays you can hear conversation like this:

'Last night there was a party at thief-Velsky's. There were several people present: thief-Ivanov, thief-Gusev, thief-Popov. They played bridge and had a very pleasant time.'

Business men converse among themselves in the following manner:

'I advise you to engage thief-Parchenko. He would be most useful to you.'

'But — would n't he abuse my confidence?'

'He? Why, he is as honest a man as ever lived.'

'Perhaps it would be better to take thief-Kusachenko?'

'Oh, no, he will not do at all.'

A newcomer finds this custom very strange.

'But why is he a thief? Who has proved it? Where did he steal anything?'

And he is still more disconcerted by the indifferent answer which he gets to these questions:

'Who knows why and where? They

say that he is a thief, and we let it go at that.'

'But suppose it is not true?'

'Oh, well. Why should n't he be a thief?'

And really, why should n't he?

Thus united by the force of mutual repulsion, the Russians are divided into two classes: those who sell Russia and those who save her.

Those who sell live in great comfort. They go to theatres, dance fox-trots, have Russian cooks, and entertain those who save Russia. And in the midst of all these affairs, they pay rather little attention to their real occupation: if you ask them for how much and on what terms Russia can be bought, they will scarcely be able to give you an intelligent answer.

Those who save are different. They rush about all day long, get caught in the nets of political intrigue, and constantly expose each other.

They are rather kindly inclined toward those who sell, and get money from them for the work of saving. But among themselves, they hate each other bitterly.

'Have you heard what a scoundrel thief-Ovechkin has proven to be? He is selling Tambov.'

'You don't mean it? To whom?'

'Why, to Chile, of course.'

'What?'

'To Chile, I say.'

'But what does Chile want with Tambov?'

'What a question? They must have a base in Russia.'

'But Tambov does not belong to Ovechkin. How can he sell it?'

'I am telling you that Ovechkin is a scoundrel. But he has done something even worse than that. Just think of it, he and thief-Havkin have enticed away our typist with her typewriter, right at the time when we had to support the Ust-Syssolsky Government.'

'Is there such a Government?'

'Well, there was. A Lieutenant-Colonel (I've forgotten his name) declared himself the Government. He held out for a day and a half. If we had supported him in time, the thing would have been done. But what can you do without a typewriter? So the cause of Russia was lost. And all because of that thief-Ovechkin. And have you heard about thief-Korobkin? He has announced himself as the ambassador to Japan.'

'But who has appointed him?'

'Nobody knows. He says that it was the Tiraspol-Sortorensky Government. It is true that the Government existed only about fifteen or twenty minutes, through a misunderstanding. Then it became ashamed of itself and ceased to exist of its own accord. But Korobkin happened to be by at the right moment, and fixed it all in those fifteen minutes.'

'But has he been recognized by anybody?'

'He does n't care. All he wanted was to get the visé. That was why he got himself appointed. Frightful, is n't it? And have you heard the latest news? They say that Bakhmach has been captured.'

'By whom?'

'Nobody knows.'

'And from whom?'

'That is n't known, either. Frightful, is n't it?'

'How do you know all this?'

'From the radio. We have two radio services, the "Sovradio" for Soviet Russia, and the "Ukradio" for Ukraine. Then we have our own service, the "Perevradio" for Europe.'

'And how does Paris regard this?'

'Oh, what does Paris care?'

'But tell me, does anybody understand anything?'

'Hardly. You know even Tiutchev said, "You cannot understand Russia with your brain." And since a human being has no other organ for understanding, you have to give it up. They say that a statesman around here began to understand things with his stomach, but they removed him quickly.'

'So . . .'

Yes. The general looked around on the Place de la Concorde, and said with profound feeling:

'All this is very good, of course. Very, very good. But what to do? What are we going to do?'

And really, what *are* we going to do?

¹ Play on words. *Sovradio* sounds like the Russian word 'to lie'; *ukradio* sounds like the word 'to steal'; *perevradio* sounds like the word meaning to get things mixed up. — TRANSLATOR.

ON 'REYNARD THE FOX'

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

[Mr. Masefield, formerly a member of the staff of the 'Manchester Guardian,' contributes this explanatory criticism upon his most recent long poem, to the centenary edition (May 5) of that newspaper.]

As a man grows older life becomes more interesting but less easy to know, for late in life even the strongest yields to the habit of his compartment. When he cannot range through all society, from the Court to the gutter, a man must go where all society meets, as at the pilgrimage, the festival, or the game. Here in England the game is both a festival and an occasion of pilgrimage. A man wanting to set down a picture of the society of England will find his models at the games.

What are the English games? The man's game is Association football; the woman's game, perhaps, hockey or lacrosse. Golf I regard more as a symptom of a happy marriage than a game. Cricket, which was once widely popular among both sexes, has lost its hold, except among the young. The worst of all these games is that few can play them at a time.

But in the English country, during the autumn, winter, and early spring of each year, the main sport is fox-hunting, which is not, like cricket or football, a game for a few and a spectacle for many, but something in which all who come may take a part, whether rich or poor, mounted or on foot. It is a sport loved and followed by both sexes, all ages, and all classes. At a fox-hunt, and nowhere else in England, except perhaps at a funeral, can you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focussed for the observer, as the Canterbury pilgrims were for Chaucer.

This fact made the subject attractive. The fox-hunt gave an opportunity for a picture or pictures of the members of an English community.

Then to all Englishmen who have lived in a hunting country, hunting is in the blood and the mind is full of it. It is the most beautiful and the most stirring sight to be seen in England. In the ports, as at Falmouth, there are ships, under sail, under way, coming or going, beautiful unspeakably. In the country, especially on the great fields on the lower slopes of the downland, the teams of the ploughmen may be seen bowing forward on a skyline, and this sight can never fail to move one by its majesty of beauty. But in neither of these sights of beauty is there the bright color and swift excitement of the hunt nor the thrill of the horn and the cry of the hounds ringing into the elements of the soul. Something in the hunt wakens memories hidden in the marrow: racial memories, of when one hunted for the tribe; animal memories, perhaps of when one hunted with the pack or was hunted.

Hunting has always been popular here in England. In ancient times it was necessary. Wolves, wild boar, foxes, and deer had to be kept down. To hunt was then the social duty of the mounted man, when he was not engaged in war. It was also the opportunity of all other members of the community to have a good time in the open, with a feast or a new fur at the end to crown the pleasure.

Since arms of precision were made, hunting on horseback with hounds has perhaps been unnecessary everywhere, but it is not easy to end a pleasure rooted in the instincts of men. Hunting has continued and probably will continue in this country and in Ireland. It is rapidly becoming a national sport in the United States.

Some have written that hunting is the sport of the wealthy man. Some wealthy men hunt, no doubt, but they are not the backbone of the sport so much as those who love and use horses. Parts of this country, of Ireland, and of the United States are more than ordinarily good pasture, fitted for the breeding of horses, beyond most other places in the world. Hardly anywhere else is the climate so equable, the soil so right for the feet of colts, and the grass so good. Where these conditions exist men will breed horses and use them. Men who breed good horses will ride, jump, and test them, and will invent means of riding, jumping, and testing them — the steeplechase, the circus, the contests at fairs and shows, the point-to-point meeting — and they will preserve, if possible, any otherwise dying sport which offers such means.

I have mentioned several reasons why fox-hunting should be popular: (a) that it is a social business, at which the whole community may and does attend in vast numbers in a pleasant mood of goodwill, good humor, and equality, and during which all may go anywhere into ground otherwise shut to them; (b) that it is done in the winter, at a season when other social gatherings are difficult, and in country districts where no buildings except the churches could contain the numbers assembled; (c) that it is most beautiful to watch, so beautiful that perhaps very few of the acts of men can be so lovely to watch or so exhilarating (the only thing to be compared with it in this

country is the sword-dance, the old heroical dancing of the young men, still practised, in all its splendor of wild beauty, in some country places); (d) that we are a horse-loving people who have loved horses as we have loved the sea, and have made, in the course of generations, a breed of horse second to none in the world for beauty and speed.

But besides all these reasons, there is another that brings many out hunting. This is the delight in hunting, in the working of hounds, by themselves or with the huntsmen, to find and kill their fox. Though many men and women hunt in order to ride, many still ride in order to hunt.

Perhaps this delight in hunting was more general in the mid-eighteenth century, when hounds were much slower than at present. Then the hunt was indeed a test of hounds and huntsman. The fox was not run down, but hunted down. The great run then was that in which hounds and huntsman kept to their fox. The great run now is perhaps that in which some few riders keep with the hounds.

My own interest in fox-hunting began at a very early age. I was born in a good hunting country, partly woodland, partly pasture. My home, during my first seven years, was within half-a-mile of the kennels. I saw hounds on most days of my life. Hounds and hunting filled my imagination. I saw many meets, each as romantic as a circus. The huntsman and whipper-in seemed then to be the greatest men in the world, and those mild slaves, the hounds, the loveliest animals.

Often, as a little child, I saw and heard hounds hunting in and near a covert within sight of my old home. Once, when I was perhaps five years old, the fox was hunted into our garden, and those glorious beings in scarlet, as well as the hounds, were all about

my lairs, like visitants from Paradise. The fox on this occasion went through a woodshed and escaped.

Later in my childhood, though I lived less near to the kennels, I was still within a mile of them, and saw hounds frequently at all seasons. In that hunting country, hunting was one of the interests of life; everybody knew about it, loved, followed, watched, and discussed it. I went to many meets, and followed many hunts on foot. Each of these occasions is now distinct in my mind, with the color and intensity of beauty. I saw many foxes starting off upon their runs, with the hounds close behind them. It was then that I learned to admire the ease and beauty of the speed of the fresh fox. That leisurely hurry, which romps away from the hardest-trained and swiftest foxhounds without visible effort, as though the hounds were weighted with lead, is the most lovely motion I have seen in an animal.

No fox was the original of my Reynard, but as I was much in the woods as a boy I saw foxes fairly often, considering that they are night-moving animals. Their grace, beauty, cleverness, and secrecy always thrilled me. Then that kind of grin which the mask wears made me credit them with an almost human humor. I thought the fox a merry devil, though a bloody one. Then he is one against many who keeps his end up, and lives, often snugly, in spite of the world. The pirate and the night rider are nothing to the fox for romance and danger. This way of life of his makes it difficult to observe him in a free state at close quarters.

Once in the early spring in the very early morning I saw a vixen playing with her cubs in the open space below a beech tree. Once I came upon a big dog fox in a wheelwright's yard and watched him from within a few paces for some minutes. Twice I have watched

half-grown cubs stalking rabbits. Twice, out hunting, the fox has broken cover within three yards of me. These are the only free foxes which I have seen at close quarters. Foxes are night-moving animals. To know them well one should have cats' eyes and foxes' habits. By the imagination alone can men know foxes.

When I was about half-way through my poem I found a dead dog fox in a field near Cumnor Hurst. He was a fine, full-grown fox in perfect condition; he must have picked up poison, for he had not been hunted nor shot. On the pads of this dead fox I noticed for the first time the length and strength of a fox's claws.

Some have asked whether the Ghost Heath Run is founded on any recorded run of any real hunt. It is not. It is an imaginary run, in a country made up of many different pieces of country, some of them real, some of them imaginary. These real and imaginary fields, woods, and brooks are taken as they exist, from Berkshire, where the fox lives, from Herefordshire, where he was found, from Trapalanda, Gloucestershire, Buckinghamshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Berkshire, where he ran, from Trapalanda, where he nearly died and from a wild and beautiful corner in Berkshire where he rests from his run.

Some have asked when the poem was written. It was written between January 1 and May 20, 1919.

I will conclude with a portrait of old Baldy Hill, the earth-stopper, who, in the darkness of the early morning gads about on a pony, to 'stop' or 'put to' all earths in which a hard-pressed fox might hide. In the poem he enters when the hunt is about to start, but he is an important figure in a hunting community, and deserves a portrait. He may come here, at the beginning, for Baldy Hill is at the beginning of all

fox hunts. He dates from the beginning of Man. I have seen many a Baldy Hill in my life; he never fails to give me the feeling that he is Primitive Man survived. Primitive Man lived like that in the woods in the darkness, outwitting the wild things, while the rain dripped and the owl cried and the ghost came out from the grave. Baldy Hill stole the last litter of the last she-wolf to cross them with the King's hounds. He was in at the death of the last wild boar. Sometimes, in looking at him, I think that his ashen stake must have a flint head, with which, on moony nights, he still creeps out to rouse, it may be, the mammoth in his secret valley, or a sabre-tooth tiger, still caved in the woods. Life may and does shoot out into exotic forms, which may and do flower and perish. Perhaps when all the other forms of English life are gone the Baldy Hill form, the stock form, will abide, still striding, head bent, with an ashen stake, after some wild thing that has meat or fur or is difficult or dangerous to tackle.

Old Baldy Hill, the game old cock,
Still wore knee-gaiters and a smock.
He bore a five-foot ashen stick,
All scarred and killed from many a click

Beating in covert with his sons
To drive the pheasants to the guns.
His face was beaten by the weather
To wrinkled red like bellows leather.
He had a cold, clear, hard blue eye.
His snares made many a rabbit die.
On moony nights he found it pleasant
To stare the woods for roosting pheasant
Up near the tree-trunk on the bough.

He never trod behind a plough.
He and his two sons got their food
From wild things in the field and wood,
By snares, by ferrets put in holes,
By ridding pasture-land of moles;
By keeping, beating, trapping, poaching,
And spaniel and retriever coaching.

He and his sons had special merits
In breeding and in handling ferrets;
Full many a snaky hob and jill
Had bit the thumbs of Baldy Hill.
He had no beard, but long white hair.
He bent in gait. He used to wear
Flowers in his smock, gold-clocks and peasen
And spindle-fruit in hunting season.

I hope that he may live to wear
spindle-fruit for many seasons to come.
Hunting makes more people happy
than anything I know. When people
are happy together I am quite certain
that they build up something eternal,
something both beautiful and divine,
which weakens the power of all evil
things upon this life of men and women.

MAMSELL BRÖSTRÖM

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

From *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, May 4
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

THIS did not happen in our days but a long time ago, back about 1830.

The gymnasium students of Karlstadt had been unusually quiet at the beginning of the winter semester. They had neither started rows with the 'street-curs' nor created any other scandal. The whole city was surprised,

rejoiced, and grateful; but, at the same time, it was conscious of a certain empty feeling. However, when the time for the autumn fair drew near and visitors were expected in Karlstadt from all Bärmland, the gymnasium boys felt obligated to perform some great feat in order to restore their reputation.

They must do something to distinguish themselves, not only in the town, but throughout the whole province.

After mature deliberation and rejecting several prior proposals, a young schoolboy named Fredrik Sandberg was summoned before the gymnasium lads. He obeyed at once for it was unthinkable that a schoolboy should fail to obey his elders of gymnasium rank. They were the divinely constituted authorities and to disobey them was a sacrilege that would bring speedy punishment.

When Fredrik Sandberg appeared before the gymnasium lads, he was dressed in a shirt with stiffly starched collar and cuffs, a great flowered-silk waistcoat, gray creased breeches, a long-tailed blue coat with bright metal buttons, and patent-leather shoes. His hair was curled as if he wore a wig. He was provided with gloves, a walking-stick, and a high chimney hat with a rolling brim.

Thus attired, Fredrik Sandberg was directed to call on Mamsell Broström.

When he reached the attic chamber where Mamsell Broström lived, she was in front of the stove baking pop-overs. She was not particularly tidily dressed. In fact, she was in decidedly careless negligée, and as the lad observed her brawny arms and massive hands and feet, he thought he had never before seen such a feminine Goliath.

'My name is Fredrik Sandberg,' said the schoolboy, 'and I take the liberty to ask if I may have the honor of inviting Mamsell Broström to the Fair ball at the Masonic lodge rooms.'

Mamsell Broström did not belong exactly to the first society. She had not thought of attending the annual ball at the Fair, but on being invited by such an elegant cavalier she could hardly refuse, so she nodded at Fredrik Sandberg and said she would be much honored to accept.

Fredrik Sandberg was delighted at getting off so well, for it might have turned out very differently, and he ran back as quickly as he could to the gymnasium boys and told what had happened.

Eight days later, Fredrik Sandberg was summoned again by his gymnasium elders. Again he was clothed in a shirt with stiffly starched collar and cuffs, a great flowered-silk waistcoat, gray creased breeches, a long-tailed blue coat with bright metal buttons, and patent-leather shoes. His hair was curled as if he wore a wig. He was provided with gloves, a walking-stick, and a high chimney hat with a rolling brim. After he was quite ready he was sent again to call on Mamsell Broström.

When he arrived at her attic room, he found her this time standing in front of the mirror trying on a red tulle gown. Her arms and throat were bare and she kept turning around violently and impatiently as if she were in an irritated mood.

Fredrik Sandberg viewed her with considerable perturbation. He observed the thick muscular arms that protruded from the red tulle sleeves and her masculine figure made even more imposing by her ball gown. He viewed her powerful contours with concern. She was twice as tall, twice as broad, and twice as strong as he. He regarded the dense black hair which tossed about her countenance like a rebellious inky surf. He met the sharp glance from her red-rimmed eyes. He listened to the rumble of her voice, and his heart sank within him.

Only too gladly would he have taken to his heels, but he had been sent by the gymnasium boys and he knew what it meant to fail to fulfill their orders.

Therefore, he bowed low before Mamsell Broström.

'May I take the liberty to ask,' said Fredrik Sandberg, 'whether I may have

the honor to dance the first waltz with Mamsell at the annual Fair ball?’

Mamsell Broström had been thinking seriously and regretfully this morning of her engagement and had wondered whether she would not prefer to stay at home. Quite possibly she would have thrown the whole thing overboard if Fredrik Sandberg had not come and asked for the first waltz.

However, her good humor was at once restored since she was sure of a companion, and she answered that she was honored and flattered and would be delighted to allow him the first waltz. The ball was held that very evening, and Mamsell Broström ascended to the Masons’ lodge room with all the élite of Karlstadt and the visitors from the surrounding country. She marched through the ladies’ reception room and the ballroom and took her seat on one of the little upholstered taborets which surrounded the ballroom floor. Mamsell Broström was in red tulle. It was the most beautiful fabric she could conceive. She was entirely satisfied with herself. She noticed that people eyed her curiously, but that did not trouble her for, if she was invited to the annual ball, she had as much right to come as anyone else. She noticed that the other ladies had acquaintances with whom they chatted, but that did not trouble her either. For when the music for the dance began, people would see that she would have a cavalier who was as elegant a beau as any of them.

When the regimental band started the first waltz, she saw the bookkeeper at the factory take the daughter of the factory owner, the lieutenants lead out the officers’ wives, and the clerks lead out the merchants’ daughters. Each one selected the lady of his choice, and many selected strangers; but all the people were on the floor except Mamsell Broström who sat there waiting for Fredrik Sandberg. The gymnasium

boys occupied the gallery above the music and saw Mamsell Broström sitting there in her red tulle gown, half-way down the longest side of the room in order that her cavalier might find her easily.

The wife of the local commandant put her lorgnette to her eyes and asked who that was who sat there so self-sufficient and imposing in the very seat of honor. The daughter of the factory owner stuck up her nose at her and the graceful, pretty ladies of the neighboring squires wondered how such a person as Mamsell Broström had got into the annual ball. No one spoke to her. No one approached her. She remained alone, sitting in the same place, but no Fredrik Sandberg appeared.

Then supper came, and after supper the dancing was resumed. Family circles began to break up more and the gentlemen became a trifle merry. However, Mamsell Broström had no thought of leaving. She sat and waited for her cavalier and her dance.

Finally the gentlemen began to take pity on Mamsell Broström and many said it was a shame, for in the course of the evening and with the partaking of much refreshment, they began to be soft-hearted; but whenever they approached her, they noticed that she looked so angry that no one ventured to invite her to dance.

At last Master Tanner Grunder stepped up and asked her to join him in a polka. He had been sitting in one of the ante-rooms the whole evening playing cards, and knew nothing about what was going on, and now wanted to dance for a little change. He saw no other lady without a partner, and did not note Mamsell Broström’s evident state of mind.

‘Well, it’s high time,’ said Mamsell Broström, as he bowed low before her.

She said it in such a deep angry voice

that every one in the ballroom heard it and it was quoted throughout the whole Bärmland province.

As she rose, Mr. Grunder politely inquired: 'I beg pardon, Mamsell Broström, shall we go to the right or to the left?' 'It's no difference to me as long as we begin,' said Mamsell Broström. She spoke so loudly that every one in the vicinity heard her and that, too, was quoted all over the province of Bärmland.

The day after the market ball, Fredrik Sandberg was again summoned by the gymnasium boys. Again he was dressed in a shirt with stiffly starched collar and cuffs, a great flowered-silk waistcoat, gray creased breeches, a long-tailed blue coat with bright metal buttons, and patent-leather shoes. His hair was curled as if he wore a wig. He was provided with gloves, a walking stick, and a high chimney hat with a rolling brim. Again he was sent to Mamsell Broström.

When he reached her attic, she was standing again as usual, in front of the stove baking pop-overs. This time she was not in her red tulle, but in her ordinary working-clothes, and the school-boy said to himself that he had never appreciated before what brawny arms and marvelous hands and feet she had,

what an angry countenance, and what a ferocious mane of hair.

The words fairly stuck in his throat, but three of the leaders of the gymnasium boys stood just inside the door and listened, and Fredrik Sandberg knew what it meant to fall in their disfavor.

'I take the liberty to ask whether Mamsell Broström enjoyed herself yesterday at the market ball,' said Fredrik Sandberg, bowing.

There is nothing more to report, for whether Fredrik Sandberg came out of the room through the roof or down the stairs no one but himself knows. There was equal uncertainty as to their method of exit in the minds of the three gymnasium boys who had been listening behind the door. They likewise retained but a most confused recollection of how they left the building, but one of them in a moment of confidence is reported to have said: 'Mamsell Broström shouted: "No matter how, if I just get hold of you!"'

The whole town was delighted that little Fredrik Sandberg had not had to take his punishment alone. When the story of what happened to the gymnasium boys got out, people laughed and quoted Mamsell Broström, 'Well, it's high time!'

GIOVANNI PAPINI

BY LINA WATERFIELD

From *The Observer*, May 8
(MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL)

Il Tragico Quotidiano contains many strange stories of strange people who all have some original, often intangible, quest in view. Giovanni Papini, ironically witty and sceptical, as we expect from one born and bred under the shadow of Brunelleschi's dome, tells us of eager, complex personalities who dwell in the fortress-houses of Florence, with those sombre eaves spanning the streets like birds against a sunlit sky. To the uninitiated all is silent as the grave. There is a special significance in the adventure of 'the man who failed to be Emperor'; and this is the gist of it.

Once upon a time there lived a man who wanted to gain the whole world. He was small and poor, but his ideas were magnificent and his heart was bigger than the big world. He said: 'I will found so vast a kingdom that my couriers will be white-headed before they reach my boundaries. My gold will fill a lake. If I am so minded I can enjoy the company of fair women in palaces the color of the sea. And by the fire of my gaze I shall have the power to overthrow mine enemies in the mountain heights.' He went toward the East, journeying from city to city, and announced his desire to be Emperor of the Universe. But everyone took him for a crazy beggar, and he could find no recruits for the great army he sought. At last he returned to his home; nothing was changed, only his sandals were worn out and his hair was

white. 'I shall never be Lord of the Universe,' he said; and for many days he was sad. But one morning in the month of March, just as the first yellow flowers were springing, he awakened with a light heart. 'Now I understand my lot,' he exclaimed: 'I was a fool to seek to be Emperor; what I took to be reality was a world of false appearances. Reality is found in the universe of thought, and any day I can reach it within the depths of my own soul.' So with lighted lantern he sought out the perfect kingdom.

The would-be Emperor was the Father of all poets, and he founded that dynasty of men who, possessing nothing, create for themselves each day a hundred little worlds made of the stuff that dreams are made on. Giovanni Papini, one of his many descendants, lately famous, after chronicling this adventure, wrote his autobiography and called it *Un Uomo Finito*. But when in a sublime trance of humility he declared himself to be at the end of his tether he had in reality, as events have proved, only reached the threshold of life and wisdom. 'I am no longer anything because I wished to be all things,' he says at the end of the book, which is hardly the confession of a failure which counts.

Papini was spiritually starved during his arid and lonely childhood. *Ero borghesemente povero, senza fame e senza*

freddo ma soffrivo. He suffered because he was old at the dawn of life and because his ambitions, which started in infancy, were prodigious. On silent Sunday rambles with his father outside the gates of Florence he dreamed his dreams in the Tuscan twilight. Once he plucked a branch of bay leaves, and in his bare room in a back street in the City of Flowers he crowned himself poet in childish sport, like another Petrarch on the Capitol. Before he was sixteen he had tried to write an encyclopædia 'to be the best in the world.' No really 'disinterested unbeliever' had ever written a commentary on the Bible; he felt born for the task. But this proved too much even for Papini; when he had filled five hundred pages with notes the young rationalist had only dealt with the first few verses of Genesis. The boy had longed feverishly for books. Ulysses sailing for unknown seas could not have felt more exhilaration than Papini describes when he gained his first illicit entrance into the National Library of Florence.

But the man, coming under the spell of life, wearied of books. Reading was like 'listening to the beatings of someone else's pulse,' and although he lived 'in an atmosphere of greatness thinking out great thoughts,' nothing satisfied him. In *Stroncatore* he slashed brilliantly at the writers of the day. In *Crepuscolo dei Filosofi* he stigmatized Schopenhauer as having written *l'opera bouffe della filosofia tedesca*; Spencer was *un meccanico disoccupato che scrive filosofia*; and Kant *il venerabile guardaroba filosofico*. Papini tells us of the book he longed to write which was to comprise every aspect of human character and activity. The *Dies Irae* would give him material for a drama with scenes innumerable on a stage the size of a desert, with whole races for choruses and the sea for orchestra. Even a new lan-

guage might have to be evoked in order to express his surging thoughts. Never has any man desired more fiercely to excel his fellows or expressed it more candidly, almost naïvely. One can picture him in a mood of resentment and annoyance because God, in creating the world had deprived him of a congenial task.

During the Renaissance man had discovered man, the value and glory of mankind. To-day there is a veritable forcing-house for the culture of *Signor Io*, and no one has turned so persistent a flashlight on the individual self as Papini. After confiding some wild scheme or spiritual crisis to his reader he asks, like a mischievous faun, youth peeping out from behind his mask of age: *Che sono imbecile?* We may laugh at Papini, storm at him, curse his impertinences, regret his vulgarities, shudder at his want of reverence for sacred things, but in the end we fall beneath his charm. He is so alive, so courageously himself, and then he writes such terse and sparkling Tuscan. Who is not grateful for his *Cento Pagine d'Amore*, which he wrote with his eyes on nature instead of upon books?

Papini once wrote of *Cristo Peccatore*. He also wrote *Le Memorie d'Iddio*, God as Papini thought he ought to be, discussing the Universe with his tongue in his cheek, and acknowledging Papini as his only genuine prophet. One wondered what would come next!

But just as the whimsical Florentine, having lost all zest in making our flesh creep, gives up his Jack-in-the-box tricks, he takes our breath away. A miracle has happened; and scoffer and agnostic has come to realize the Divine Personality of Christ and the especial need of Him upon earth to-day. And he has written a book which is a noble effort on the part of *un uomo moderno* to render the Gospels familiar and necessary to those outside the fold.

Bringing all his rich gifts to the task, his human sympathies and flame-like intensity of vision, Papini gives us something that we have not met with before. *Storia di Cristo* is a life in the

best sense of the word, not a history; moreover it is a work of art, as finely constructed, as beautifully though austere-ly ornamented, as an early Renaissance palace in his own Florence.

THE REVERSION TO MERCANTILISM

BY WALTER TREUHERZ

From *Die Neue Rundschau*, May
(LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

... VIEWED from the outside world Germany has the aspect of an island. Our only intercourse with our neighbors is over a few narrow bridges. We are cut off from commerce with the countries which surround us by the quicksands of shifting and unpredictable exchange, which is at the mercy of foreign currency speculators. We are further isolated by the spirit of Versailles. So long as our exports are applied to our reparations account, Germany cannot recover its normal purchasing power. The primary condition for reciprocal trade has ceased to exist. There can be no natural balance between supply and demand, between ability to produce and ability to consume. Germany's machinery runs languidly. There is no spirit in our labor; there is no inspiration in our industry. So long as our production is under dictation and the spontaneous forces which give vigor and vitality to business are absent, we cannot recover economic health.

This means a crisis. That crisis will continue until normal relations between consumption and production are restored. Our enemies are brought to a

pause when they see our coal output declining. While Germany is building two hundred thousand tons of shipping for strangers every year, freight offerings fall off so that the tonnage cannot be profitably employed. The same will occur in case of agricultural machinery and chemicals.

What is the result?

Germany has been forced into protectionism by the policies of its enemies. It has been compelled to forbid imports in order to escape being flooded with superfluous luxuries and bankrupted by the effort to pay for them. Our poverty has compelled us to organize our efforts in the most economical way possible. Since our country no longer produces enough for its own consumption and a heavy mortgage lies on its labor, we have to ration such goods as we have. The bourgeoisie attempts to resist this new order by reorganizing its methods of production. It tries to derive a parasitic profit from unprofitable undertakings. While the state itself has become ultraprotectionist, private enterprises have become ultramercantilist.

The economic duchies of Stinnes and

Klöckner are little empires in themselves. They have arisen because the state is no longer powerful enough to protect our industries at the frontier; but they will probably sooner or later seek to usurp political power.

Possibly they are the cells from which some new protective organism as wide as society itself will evolve. They may expand into taxing syndicates, supply unions for the Entente, or guarantors of foreign credit. Be that as it may, the more responsibilities and functions we place upon these vast private enterprises, the more protectionist they will become. Free-trade theories can thrive in a capitalist country only when its enterprises are entirely independent of the government. The moment they assume government functions, receive government aid, or become subject to government regulation, they must be sedulously protected from the rugged hurly-burly of free competition. The more complex their organizations the more sensitive they become to external conditions. Therefore, a high-tariff wall is a necessary prerequisite for the prosperous growth of these great quasi-public enterprises.

Grouped thus into industrial block-houses and fortresses and walled cities, Germany will be converted into a fiery furnace of productive toil. It will be forced to work at the highest speed to perform its daily stint. It will become a mechanical volcano, pouring forth a flood of destructive merchandise upon the markets of the whole world.

But we meet resistance in selling our goods abroad even before we have this artificial stimulus. Before the war we were called dumpers, because we manipulated our high protective tariff to sell to foreigners cheaper than to our own people. Other nations are already scurrying to shelter from the flood of competition with which they think we

threaten them. Even lands like Switzerland and Holland, which can never become self-supplying, plan to raise their tariffs and otherwise to protect home industries. The war has made every nation eager for economic autonomy. This movement is sweeping through Europe like a religious craze.

And the New World follows the same path. Its vacant lands are now occupied. Self-confident in its possession of a continent, America aspires to be a self-supporting state. Yet we already discern across the ocean the first trembling of this industrial sky-scraper. The superstructure is crushing the foundation. Merchandise is piling on top of merchandise. In order to relieve the congestion America turns to political remedies. It is fighting with renewed energy for the open door.

That always happens when agrarian countries reach a certain degree of industrial saturation. They automatically become imperialist, and seek economic conquests along the line of least resistance. At present this line points toward Germany and Russia. If America finds an outlet there, it will be relieved temporarily of its surfeit. However, capital is constantly seeking new fields of profit, and the situation is but palliated. A new crisis is sure to follow sooner or later. Not only Germany but the whole world is becoming too narrow.

England has set confidently about reforming its industrial system. It has already seized the world's largest reservoirs of raw materials. Only the United States is a rival to be feared. England is alert to this, and is quietly girding itself for the contest. So long as the earth was wide and offered new fields for colonizing, and England was the world's undisputed business centre, the United Kingdom could indulge in the luxury of free trade. Now that his country's industrial hegemony is con-

tested, the English laborer must fight to hold his place as the aristocrat of the international proletariat and the henchman of the British bourgeoisie. He realizes already that he is as much a proletarian as any wage-earner on the continent. His war experience has filled the veins of this bourgeois proletarian with a novel revolutionary fire.

So even in England we now see the workingman disputing the right of the middle classes to their profits. Since the economic suzerainty of the country is seriously enough threatened without this, the only recourse of the imperilled ruling classes is to increase production. It is proposed to do this after Joseph Chamberlain's recipe, by drawing a frontier around Great Britain's economic empire. Protection and free trade are no longer questions of theory, but of expediency. People are clamoring in the streets for higher duties before the social question has become insoluble by peaceful means. For the workers can be assured a high standard of living, in countries which do not possess monopoly goods, only by adopting artificial devices to increase the incomes of both wage-earners and employers.

Great Britain cannot solve its economic problem on a free-trade basis because, although Germany is politically conquered and helpless, its industrial plant is still in a high state of efficiency. To be sure the English used the opportunity of the war to reconstruct and modernize their plants; but they were not ready for peace conditions. So now they must protect branches of manufacturing still in their infancy from being overwhelmed by German goods. Bill after bill has been introduced in Parliament to favor some essential industry. But we learned the lesson long ago, that you cannot protect one industry, even a key industry,

without exciting the envy of other industries. And these will not cease to agitate until the tariff wall has been made equal for everyone.

So the world is being divided into trade-tight compartments. Free exchange will soon be possible only outside the boundaries of the manufacturing countries. England's conversion to high tariffs will have a powerful suggestive influence on other governments. Her dominions will follow her example, and little lands will hasten to build higher their own tariff walls for fear of losing their economic independence.

So the whole stage of world trade has been set with new scenery. Where a few years ago the nations seemed drifting toward peaceful coöperation, they are now drawing apart, and arming against each other. Instead of jostling elbows like fat peasants at a country fair, they are donning armor and glaring leanly and hungrily at each other through their vizors. The Creator made men and countries different. The free exchange of goods and services is the only guaranty that they will live in peace.

We have become over-sensitive as to property rights and material interests. We are grasping to monopolize things which are needed by all. This is the spirit of profiteering. If the peoples of the world permit that spirit, which is already working such ravages with business inside our national borders and between individuals, to reproduce itself in the relations between states, we shall create a condition of growing tension which inevitably will burst into new wars. By over-industrialization behind tariff walls we encourage an unhealthy growth of the population. We are headed toward a point where the pressure for a new social order will become so strong that it can be relieved only by war or revolution. If

we engage in an economic war of each against all — with the consequences of which we are already only too familiar — just when the tension between nations seemed at the point of relaxing; if the victorious governments are to transfer their exaggerated notions of the rights of private property and private interest to the domain of international trade, then the struggle for survival will produce great race migrations which may lead to a catastrophe for civilization more destructive than the collapse of ancient culture when the Germans overran the boundaries of a Roman empire.

In the face of all this, the stolid masses, aroused to self-consciousness and political resolution by the war, are advancing out of the deep in serried ranks against the mentally alert but apathetic bourgeoisie, who are overconfident in the conviction of their historic services to the world. Even the victorious powers feel the ground trembling under the thunderous footsteps of the labor battalions. They hope to escape the peril by widening their economic frontiers. They plan to cradle the hungry proletariat in comfort, and to convert its members to peaceful bourgeois citizens. But to extend economic frontiers means friction with other powers, and perhaps

armed conflict. If we cannot escape the catastrophe which looms before our eyes, mankind will still steadily press on, through blood and the wreckage of the past, to some new salvation.

In Central Europe the pressure of over-population and over-industrialization is already felt. The excess of people is already disintegrating the old social structure. The determination to have something different has impelled nations to tear down their old institutions. The victorious powers have checked freedom of economic action until we have universal business stagnation. Clemenceau's curse, 'Twenty millions too many,' will prove fatally true. Migration will follow. The conquering powers will hardly be able to escape its effects. Not only merchandise but also men will bank up dangerously beyond their towering tariff walls. Even if these hold intact, they will be over-topped. In the struggle and ferment of the laboring classes old governments and social institutions will go down. We may have a mad chaotic struggle for survival, for room to live, more fearful than our experience hitherto enables us to conceive.

What will the end be?

It may indeed be the decline and fall of western civilization.

A PAGE OF VERSE

LISTENING

BY H. H.

[*The Morning Post*]

Was that her footfall light
Stealing across the lawn?
Only the tread of Night
Fleeing before the Dawn.

Is it her voice I hear,
Stirring the solemn hush,
Ringing so sweet and clear?
Only the call of a thrush.

Soft little sounds beat fast,
Beat at my window-pane;
Surely her hand at last?
Only the summer rain.

SONG OF CONTRARIETY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

[*The Outlook*]

Far away is close at hand,
Close at hand is far away;
Love will come at your command
But will not stay.

You held a phantom in your arms
From midnight until day,
But flesh and blood resist all charms,
Fading clean away.

Is the body born of air,
Is the spirit clay,
That love, lent substance by despair,
Wanes and leaves you lonely there
On the bridal day?

EPITAPH

BY ROSAMUND LEHMANN

[*The Cambridge Review*]

LINGER not overmuch upon this spot:
Hidden he lies and sleeps, and all is said.
Yet, thinking on the eyes that find him
not,
Let fall the gentle tears they cannot
shed.

THE HAWK

BY RUTH MANNING SANDERS

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

Why should I call you
Bird of prey,
Because you fright
Small mice at play,
Since the red-throated swallows fly
As swift to kill, as hungrily?

I'll not abuse
Your thirsty beak,
Nor wail that strong
Should murder weak,
Since stronger against strong makes
strife,
And death is almoner to life.

The troubled world
Is ordered so,
And still one works
Another's woe,
Yet sometimes walls of earth grow thin
And heaven's own kindness looks in.

A mask may hide
A gentle face,
And earth hide heaven's —
That shining place
Where you and I, brown bird, go free
Of mortal lust and cruelty.

THE PEAR TREE

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

[*The Chapbook*]

IN this squalid dirty courtyard,
Where the chickens scratch and run,
White, incredible, the pear tree
Stands apart and takes the sun.

Mindful of the eyes upon it,
Vain of its new holiness,
Like the wasteman's little daughter
In her first communion dress.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MARSHAL FOCH ON NAPOLEON

THE *London Times*, in a special 'Napoleon Supplement,' publishes a brief soldierly appreciation of the Emperor by Marshal Foch. Peculiar interest attaches to these few paragraphs, not only because of the eminence of their author as a strategist, but also because he has for years been the foremost student of Napoleon's campaigns. As is well known, Marshal Foch's direction of the manœuvres of the Allied armies during the World War was a practical application of the principles elucidated long before in his lectures at the *École de Guerre* and these principles were largely derived from his profound study of his great predecessor.

The Marshal writes:

Napoleon was, beyond compare, the military genius of modern times.

When, at twenty-seven, he became General-in-Chief, he knew all that had been written and all that had been done before him in the military art. In studying its principles, with the help of his rare natural faculties, he did more than learn; he understood events and grasped what had to be done under new conditions. He was already the absolute master of his art, thanks to the extraordinary gifts which he applied to it without reserve.

Later on, in politics, as in administration and in the domain of law, he showed a like superiority. His was, therefore, an exceptional mind.

This mind he fed by constant work. Recognizing the importance of detail, he overlooked no means of gaining knowledge. None understood better than he the value of files. Before he undertook a campaign he studied and classified geography, climate,

popular habits and traditions, local conditions and customs just as in military organization he had thorough knowledge of every arm, of all kinds of *matériel*, and all means of communication.

Thanks to this minute preparation, to the perfection of his files, and to the remarkable rapidity of the working of his mind, his action, when the moment came, was swift and sure as a thunderbolt.

In the dark hours of the war we often asked ourselves: 'If Napoleon were to rise from his tomb at the Invalides, what would he say to us, what would he do with our armies of to-day?'

He would have said to us: — 'You have millions of men; I never had them. You have railways, telegraphs, wireless, aircraft, long-range artillery, poison gases; I had none of them. And you do not turn them to account? I'll show you a thing or two!'

And, in a couple of months, he would have changed everything from top to bottom, reorganized everything, employed everything in some new way, and crushed the bewildered enemy.

Then he would have come back at the head of his victorious armies — and would have been very much in the way.

Napoleon's successes are known. His triumphs have been thoroughly studied. The causes of his failures are less known. Yet the campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814 are the most interesting.

He failed, they say, because he was without Berthier. I do not think so. In 1814, it is explained, he was already ill. Perhaps.

But in my view, the deep reason for the disaster that overwhelmed him must be sought elsewhere. He forgot that a man cannot be God; that, above the individual, there is the nation; that, above men, there is the moral law; and that war is not the highest goal, since, above War, there is Peace.

THE DANTE FESTIVAL AT FLORENCE

FLORENCE has had the first of its celebrations of the six hundredth centenary of Dante's death, though others are to take place later in the year. University students, war invalids, troops, school children, almost the whole population of the city, began the first Dante festival by gathering before the great statue of the poet in the Piazza Santa Croce and showering it with lilacs, roses, wisterias, carnations, and all the many blossoms of the Italian spring. In the autumn Gabriel d'Annunzio is to visit Florence and make a public address on the genius of Dante.



'PIPES AND TABORS'

THE rub-a-dub-dub of the tabor gives the reader greater pleasure than the more mellifluous notes of the pipe in Mr. Patrick Chalmers's new book of poems, *Pipes and Tabors* (Methuen, 6s. net). Mr. Chalmers ought to confine himself to the favorite themes of one of his characters, whom he calls 'Carrotty Nan.' Of this lady he tells us that

When she was tipsy, as likely as not
She'd tell you of beaches, blue, steaming and
hot,
Of monkeys, and murders, poll-parrots, and
wrecks,
And white rum, and sunshine, and blood on the
decks.

He is at his best when, in the manner of the old broadsides, he writes ballads which need only woodcut illustrations to be perfect. He had written one enthralling ditty which recounts the adventures of a sailor man who, after adventuring about the globe, visiting the Grand Cham and encountering a sprightly damsel that

Lived in an elegant pink pagoda
In the thick of a dragon-haunted wood,

in the end gives over the pursuit of dragons.

He signed on with a tea-ship for Wapping,

For London Town, where the traders go,
Where the frogs come up and the rain is a-dropping,

And he married the girl as he'd known in
Bow!

Mr. Chalmers cannot breathe into the pipes as he can drum upon the tabor; that is to say, he can be jolly and whimsical, but he seldom succeeds in being gayly sentimental. He tries to create a pretty world from what he has learned of by-gone days; but only now and then does he give us enchanting little glimpses like this:

Fair morns to wake on — were they not?

Full of the pigeon's coo and cadence,

Each day a page of Caldecott,

All cream and flowers and pretty maidens.

There are a few grim things in the book, echoes of the war, notes on things seen in Paris, the voices of the guns at Verdun; but Mr. Chalmers is not at home in a khaki uniform, and most of the time he is content to leave the celebration of ugliness in the willing hands of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon.



THE BLOODLESS FRENCH DUEL

THE French can take quite as ironic a view as do foreigners of the 'duels' which occasionally take place among them. *Le Cri de Paris* prints the following account of an affair of honor between two government officials, in which 'safety first' seems to have been the guiding principle.

Not long ago a quarrel broke out between a sub-prefect and the secretary-general of the prefecture in a department of the West. Feeling ran so high that blows were exchanged. Exchanged? No, not quite. The word is n't quite exact. If they had really been *exchanged*, both the enemies might have thrown up the sponge. But there was

bestowal of slaps by one of the functionaries and simple reception without return by the other. That was serious! Only blood could adequately wash the offended cheek!

They secured their witnesses, named the day, and bought themselves swords. But the prefect found out about it. At first he tried to effect a reconciliation between the two foes. Vain effort! Then he tried to use his authority to forbid their fighting. Useless threat! They offered him two heroic resignations to win the right to get themselves killed.

'Well, then, have your confounded throat cut, if you want to!' he cried. 'But —' he turned to his chief clerk. 'But you shall assist at the combat and I'll hold you responsible for the lives of both of them. If anybody gets hurt, I shall discharge you!'

The chief clerk obeyed without a murmur. He chaperoned the encounter with a huge sword in his hand, and whenever a blow seemed dangerous, he warded off the murderous weapon. In the end they made it up, and the prefect was content!

*

JAPANESE PROVERBS

ONE of the curiosities of folk-lore is the parallelism between the proverbs of distant peoples. In Japanese many English proverbs find corresponding expression. Instead of 'More haste, less speed,' the Mikado's subjects say, 'If in a hurry, go round,' which is not unlike another bit of English popular wisdom, 'The longest way round is the shortest way home.' 'Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families' of English-speaking countries, and 'Even a monkey will sometimes fall from a tree' in Japan. We say 'Oil and water will not mix,' and they say, 'You can't rivet a nail in a custard.' 'We say, 'Out of evil good may come,' and they say, 'The lotos springs from the mud.' Mrs. Partington's famous though futile effort with the mop becomes 'Scattering foes with a fan.'

GAUGUIN AND INGRES

ALTHOUGH he professed to be an uncompromising artistic revolutionist, Gauguin had a profound admiration for Ingres, and in commenting on an exhibition of that painter's work, *L'Opinion* prints part of a letter which Gauguin sent to the Danish artist, Willemsen: —

I advise you by all means to see the portraits of Père Ingres at the Louvre. In this French master you will find the inner life. The apparent coldness with which he is reproached conceals an intense warmth, a violent passion. There is besides, in Ingres, a love for line relations which is superb and a search for beauty in its veritable essence, Form.

*

A NEW PUNCTUATION MARK

M. RAYMOND DUNCAN, who publishes a sprightly little fortnightly journal in Paris, has devised a new punctuation mark for his own use. It consists of a period surrounded by a circle, looks more like a diminutive target than anything else, and serves as period, comma, or hyphen, without discrimination. M. Duncan sows his new mark with a lavish hand across the pages of his bizarre little magazine, leading *L'Opinion* to remark spitefully that, although the new punctuation is somewhat incoherent, still, it 'fits marvelously the prose which it ornaments so generously.'

*

LORD DUNSANY ON THE THEATRE

LORD DUNSANY, whose plays have been produced in Russia, China, and the United States, but have fared ill with the British managers, is to have his new play, *If*, produced at the Ambassadors Theatre, London. Although unwilling to talk much about his play, he has imparted to a reporter of the *Morning Post* the interesting fact that

he now writes very little, devoting no more than two or three days a month to this part of his work.

I don't wish, [he says] to talk about my new play, as I conceive it to be at present *sub judice*, and I regard the public as the judge. Between me and the public have stood for many years the managers, both in England and Ireland. Now I have at last got a play past that barrier.

The question is, What is the drama made of? I conceive it to be made of the essence of life, rather than of life itself, because the play passes in perhaps three hours, and life lasts as much as seventy years. A play therefore has to be essential.

I hope that my play, which has got before the public by luck, will come before a full house, or at any rate a variously composed house, which looks at life from different angles. The audience's job is living, and their combined judgment, therefore, on anything made out of the essentials of life, as all works of art are, may be regarded as that of experts. One class or set may, owing to their foibles and conventions, fail to see into the meaning of anything that is made out of human emotion, but a mixed audience cannot. I have come to regard the public as a final court of appeal.

This has nothing to do with 'what the public wants,' or any other theatrical device. The public cannot want what this phrase really implies, namely, what they wanted last year, or what they took then for want of something better. It is no use coming before the public at all unless you have something to offer them far beyond the stage tricks and devices of the year before last.

ASTRONOMY IN RUSSIA

ANNOUNCEMENT by the Bureau International des Télégrammes Astronomiques, at Brussels, of the discovery of a new comet by the Russian astronomer, M. Dubiago, is especially interesting at this time. The direst distress has existed since the Revolution among scientific men in Russia, whose contributions to science in the years before the war were far more extensive than laymen guessed. The new comet is interesting in itself, but far more significant is the fact that the Russian astronomer has been able to carry on observations long enough to work out the elements of the orbit.

Before the Revolution, M. Dubiago was at the Ksan Observatory, but his telegram, dated 'Bureau des Calculs, Petersbourg' gives no evidence to show where the discovery was made.

*

ANOTHER BALCONY SCENE

Two lines in *Sweet William*, a play by Mr. Keble Howard, which has no other claim to distinction, will delight all those who have a taste for flippant parody of literary gods. They are spoken in the course of a balcony scene:

MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT (on balcony):
Listen, there's a lark!

MR. GEORGE TULLY (on ladder): No, it is n't, silly; it's a bally nightingale!

It should be needless to name the original.

Pala Gitis - II.